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Together

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ROY L. SMITH

How I Pray

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The Case of the Missing Morals

Stacks

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

January 1957



Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families



"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

January-February 1957

Vol. 1, No. 4

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Watercolor by
Fred Malloy



In the awesome hush of a shrine in the nation's capital, the statue of the Great Emancipator seems forever at the point of rising to speak to his America again. Visitors come here by the thousands each year to pay tribute to Abraham Lincoln, born in a humble cabin 148 years ago on February 12. The statue was made by Daniel French; the photo, by Jack Zehrt.





CHAPEL IN THE SKY: Take the elevator up to the 22nd floor, climb 17 steps and you're there, in one of Methodism's best-known shrines. Chicago was a muddy village in 1839 when the First Methodist Church began at the corner of Clark and Washington Streets. Now it's in the heart of the busy Loop—a bulky business building with a sanctuary

and, in the cross-tipped tower (left), the Chapel in the Sky (above). Thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Myrtle Wolgreen, a First Church member, ugly steel girders are encased in oak, and stained glass is in the windows. The pastor of First Church—now known as the Chicago Temple—is Charles Roy Goff, who authored the article on page 17.

Stretching before us is an allotment of days known as The New Year. Use these days, we must; each in his own way.

The uncharted future turns two faces toward us: one, smiling with golden promise; the other, a grotesque mask lighted erratically by the flares of man-made woe.

The New Year is an untracked wilderness through which each of us must pass. But no man need go alone. He who has walked with us through the ages stands at our side. When he beckons, we need only follow. He knows the way. He will see us through.

Your Editors

TO Leland D. Cose MANAGING EDITOR: Charles W. Keysar

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*"Crucifixion"
(Corpus Hypercubus,
by Salvador Dalí,
copyright by
The New York
Graphic Society.
The original canvas
is in the Metropolitan
Museum of Art in
New York City.
(See letter
on opposite page.)*

Letters

Dali and Christian Art

NORMAN L. TROTT, *President
Westminster Theological Seminary
Westminster, Md.*

If possible, won't you round out your representations of Christ in the October issue with one of Salvador Dali's great religious paintings?

This Spanish artist, born in 1904, has been a leader of the surrealist school—whose bizarre pictures have so aroused risibilities of the public. But of late, Dali has turned to Christian art. And I, for one, am deeply moved by this new phase of his life and believe it will mark him as one of the great painters of all time.

In fact, when our Methodist Seminary at Westminster moves to Washington, D. C., as part of American University in 1958, we hope to persuade Dali to do a commission for us.

Dr. Trott's letter reflects the sentiment of others we've received. So on the page opposite we reproduce Dali's oil painting "Crucifixion." TOGETHER is unable to supply copies for framing, but they may be purchased through The Methodist Publishing House nearest you. To you whose taste isn't Dali, we suggest turning back to the more conventional portraits of Christ in the October issue.—Eds.

Students Welcome 'Together'

MRS. EDWARD LLOYD, *Librarian
Wood Junior College
Mathiston, Miss.*

Our college library was delighted to receive your new TOGETHER as a fulfillment on our CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE subscription. The color plates are superb. Having a magazine of such high Christian quality to offer our predominately Methodist students is truly satisfying.

Calling Fa-So-La Singers!

JOEL THOMAS WALKER
Quanah, Tex.

I want you to know that I find in TOGETHER the most thrilling reading I have read in many years. My father, when I was quite a small boy, used to get up and lead in the singing out of the *Christian Harmony* songbook by William Walker at Shiloh Methodist Church in Cass County, 10 miles north of Jefferson, Tex.

When I turned the pages in To-

GETHER magazine to pages 22-23-24 and read about the "Buckwheat-Note" or the fa-so-la singing, I just got up and looked up this old book of my father's.

So I would like to know just how far it is to the nearest place to me where they have this singing.

It would be a great pleasure to me to hear from some of the old folks that sing and tell me more about the music, and how they enjoy singing.

Needs Promotion, Too

H. P. DEMAND, *Fund Raiser
Evanston, Ill.*

Congratulations on TOGETHER. It is not only most attractive, but very interesting, and I am sure will attract the attention of the entire family.

It seems to me that even as important as encouraging churches to include subscriptions in their budget is to have them bring to the attention of their congregations some of the special articles. This could be done from the pulpit, bulletin boards, church papers, etc. . . .

Report From Michigan

JOHN E. MARVIN, *Editor
Adrian, Mich.*

Our Michigan Christian Advocate board at its regular annual meeting this month at Albion voted to express its commendation to you and your staff for your journalistic excellence in producing TOGETHER.

I take pleasure in conveying to you our board's feelings in this matter and wish you and your staff continued success in a job so well begun.

Story Behind the Stamp

M. A. SCHLESINGER
St. Paul, Minn.

The picture of the Four Chaplains stamp [November, 1956, page 44] has special significance to Methodists because issuance of the stamp was due, in part, to an article that appeared in the *Christian Advocate* in 1945. It dealt with the Chaplain Corps.

I sent this article to a weekly stamp magazine, suggesting a stamp commemorating these chaplain-heroes. As far as I know, this was how the stamp originated.

From a Fifth-Generation Reader

WILBUR VANSANT
*President, Advertising Agency
Baltimore, Md.*

Please accept my congratulations on TOGETHER . . . a wonderful job. The editorial formula, the format and typography, the material, and the pro-

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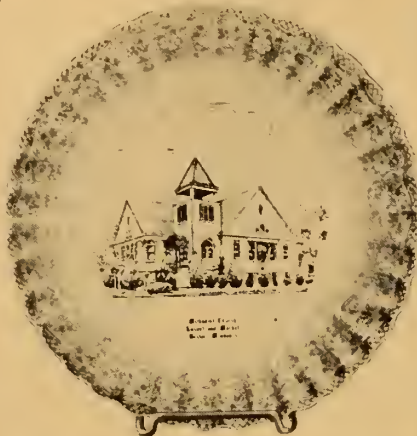
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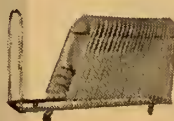
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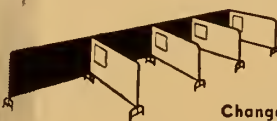


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motion are all calculated to take TOGETHER to a new high in church publications.

As the fifth generation of VanSants who have been subscribers to the *Christian Advocate*, I am naturally interested to see TOGETHER go far in its coverage and impact on the general church membership.

It is gratifying, indeed, to have such a letter from a fifth-generation reader of the 'Christian Advocate (founded 1826). TOGETHER is a continuation of the Advocate—and cherishes its 130-year tradition of distinguished Methodist journalism.—Eds.

Sunday Schoolers Okay Donald

Mrs. V. N. ELWOOD
Hancock, N. Y.

We are delighted with the October issue of TOGETHER. My Sunday-school class enjoyed hearing *How Donald Learned to Say Okay*, which I read to them this morning.

Grandmother Overlooked

H. CLARKE SCOTT
Alhambra, Calif.

Just received the second issue of TOGETHER and opened to Norman Rockwell's Thanksgiving picture.

This picture might be all right for the *Saturday Evening Post* but not for a religious paper. It sets a very poor example for our Christian youth. Shame on our great Methodist Church for setting such an example. Let us raise the moral tone of our publications instead of aping the world.

We respectfully suggest that the to-be-followed example in the picture is not the incredulous young men, but the grandmother saying grace.—Eds.

Does This Record Stand?

MR. & MRS. J. E. ISTD
Seattle, Wash.

May we offer our sincere congratulations on our new magazine, TOGETHER!...

We do, however, want to challenge a statement in the October issue, referring to Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, a wonderful man of God whom we were privileged to hear last year when he was conducting a series of sermons in Seattle. The statement was that he had remained in the same church longer [39 years] than any other minister in Methodism.

We know of one minister in The Methodist Church who served over 50 years in the same church, Dr. George

W. Vallentine of Park Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis. He passed away a year or so ago, but we were members of his church there, having joined in the fall of 1922. He had been there at the time for around 20 years. He was pastor emeritus at the time of his death.

We're Sorry About It, Too

Mrs. LEE PAYNE
Pueblo, Colo.

Our church voted to put TOGETHER in each home of our congregation to be sure we become acquainted with our new magazine. The favorable comment has been most gratifying.

The only complaint I have is the late arrival in the month. The November issue arrived at our house the day after Thanksgiving.

Yes, some subscribers have received copies late. But the clacking, whirring machines that make address plates are working overtime, and we hope soon to catch up with orders. Circulation Dec. 15 was 775,000.—Eds.

November Mallards

M. A. MILLER
Union College
Barbourville, Ky.

My November issue of TOGETHER arrived . . . but I did not recognize it at first. I thought the mail carrier had mistakenly delivered my neighbor's copy of *Field and Stream* or *Outdoor Life* to my door. I am sure Mr. Jones has produced a very fine water color, but in all sincerity I do not think it is appropriate for the type of magazine that TOGETHER should be. . . .

Another reader tells us the picture of the migrating mallards reminds him of William Cullen Bryant's *To a Waterfowl which closes with:*

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.
"Thank you for refreshing my insight into God's goodness," he adds.—Eds.

Morality . . . Even to Death

CHARLES A. WOODWORTH, Pastor
Oak Hill Methodist Church
Oak Hill, N. Y.

Mr. Albin Johnson, in the November TOGETHER [*Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?*] rules out "pious hopes of what [the world] should be" as a basis for looking at the H-bomb problem. "To assure the liberties and rights that make life worth while," we must

Nelson's Concordance of the RSVB to be published next month

Special PRE-PUBLICATION PRICE
only \$15 . . . if you order now

In February, Nelson's Complete Concordance of the Revised Standard Version Bible will be available to all who wish greater knowledge of God's Word. A companion volume to the RSVB which enables you to locate all references to any of the key words in the Bible, the Concordance will contain over 300,000 contexts.

Because so many words in the RSVB do not appear in other Bible versions, it is not practical—sometimes not even possible—to use any other Concordance with the Revised Standard Version Bible. For example: the words "abandon" and "abate" both appear in the RSVB but not in the King James. There are hundreds of other similar instances.

All Bible readers will find this Concordance the key to the Bible. Clergymen will find it invaluable for locating quotations and preparing sermons. Seminarians will need it for their studies. Students will want it for reference. Sunday-school teachers and Christian educators will find it saves many hours in preparing lessons.

Under each word in this Concord-

ance is a chapter and verse reference for the passage in which it appears, and a few words from the passage itself. For example:

ABANDON

he will again a. them in the	Num 32.15
The LORD will not a. him to his	Ps 37.33
he will not a. his heritage;	94.14



page size: 8" x 10½" 1,900 pages

You can obtain a copy of Nelson's Complete Concordance at the pre-publication price of **\$15** for the buckram edition if you order quickly. Comes with two-color jacket. After Feb. 1 price will be \$16.50. Black genuine cowhide edition: Baxed, gold page edges. Available in May. **\$25**. Will be \$27.50 if ordered after Feb. 1.

- Have your denominational house or book store reserve a copy of the Concordance for you today. Also ask to see these two beautiful editions of the RSV Bible: Maroon buckram, **\$6**. Genuine leather, **\$10**.

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**John Underwood
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The meaning and technique of true prayer are here explored in depth—reverently, yet without sentimentality or “piousness.” A practical, deeply devotional book designed to aid those who would begin to pray, or who would enlarge a limited experience of prayer. \$2

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be realistically strong, for “in any global clash of tomorrow, no holds will be barred, no rules will be observed, no type of weapons will be banned, if their use gives assurance of advantage. . . .”

Such realism suggests that we would abandon our moral position to preserve liberties and rights. Do not the liberties and rights that we would preserve fall with the very abandonment of our moral position?

Consider Norman Cousins’ editorial statement: “If we would really discover our greatest strength, we can take a moral position which says that we would rather die ourselves from a weapon which smashes at the nature of man than to use it on others. . . .”

Bombs and the Bible

MRS. JESSE NEWBROUGH
San Angelo, Tex.

I wish to express my appreciation for the article, *Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?*, by Charles A. Coulson in the November issue.

Not only does Mr. Coulson express the truly Christian viewpoint, but he also gives a clear and concise account of the dangers to which humanity is exposed by nuclear testings.

A firm believer in the teachings of Jesus as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthew 5, 6, and 7, I find that I, as a Christian, must reject all forms of violence, including legalized warfare, as a crime not only against humanity, but, more seriously, as a crime against God.

Memo: Sunday-School Teachers

C. G. MANNING
Rollins, Mont.

Greetings from my retreat on the shores of Flathead Lake in Montana!

I have read from cover to cover the first issue of *TOGETHER*, and I have used it in a class of junior and senior high-school youngsters whom I teach each Sunday at our little chapel in Lakeside, Mont.

The series of pictures on *How Did Jesus Really Look?* and Dr. Sockman’s *What My Religion Means to Me* are excellent. Will the pictures be made available free from the magazine so they can be used on the bulletin board and for visual aid in teaching? All of the teachers in our Sunday schools should have *TOGETHER* as one of the teaching helps.

Sorry! The portfolio of portraits of Christ in the October issue of TOGETHER is available in the magazine only.—Eds.

A ‘Youth’s Companion’ Reminder

VIRGINIA ANDREW
Steamboat Springs, Colo.

I think the new *TOGETHER* is wonderful. I have never seen a magazine which so filled a family’s need since the days of the *Youth’s Companion*, nearly four decades ago.

Commitment—Abstinence

CARADINE R. HOOTON
*General Secretary
Methodist Board of Temperance
Washington, D. C.*

I want to thank you for including in the November *TOGETHER* the fine article on Tom Shipp’s work in Dallas with alcoholics. Members of our staff are also grateful for the brief article on page 72 referring to Commitment Day.

The Methodist concept of abstinence means far more than “teetotaling,” however. And Commitment Day is not “set by the Board of Temperance as commitment to abstinence.”

This observance and date were fixed by overwhelming action of the General Conference as one of those days to be promoted on a church-wide basis without offering. Commitment Day is not any longer the project of one board, but now has become a concern of the total church.

Did It Start in Virginia?

ROBERT BAYARD PROCTOR, *Pastor
Providence Methodist Church
Dave, Va.*

In the current issue of *TOGETHER* there appears this statement on page 39 under the title, *New England Where It Started*: “The first Thanksgiving in America was set aside by Governor William Bradford for feasting, sermons, and prayers.” Apropos of this, I submit for your consideration a news item which appeared in a Virginia newspaper on Nov. 17, this year:

Descendants of Capt. John Woodleeffe, maintaining the first Thanksgiving was not celebrated at Plymouth Colony, will observe the holiday next Thursday at Berkley Plantation near here [Richmond].

Ceremonies will be held overlooking the James River at the spot Woodleeffe tied up his 45-ton ship Margaret 382 days before the first Pilgrim put his foot on Plymouth Rock.

Woodleeffe had instructions dated Sept. 4, 1619, which said:

“Imper, wee ordaine that the day our ships arrivall at the place assigned for plantation in the land of Virginia shall be yearly and perpetually kept holy as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God.”

And so, Woodleeffe’s descendants say the first Thanksgiving was really celebrated in the new world by Capt. Woodleeffe on Dec. 9, 1619—almost a full two years before the Pilgrims got the idea.

Together/January 1957

Together / NEWSLETTER

A SERIES OF DISASTROUS CHURCH FIRES in Trenton, N.J., all started by a 40-year-old bachelor described as disgruntled at the church, caused damage to the First Methodist Church and State Street Methodist Church. Historic First Church, established by Francis Asbury in 1772, estimated its loss at \$200,000. Dr. J. Stanley Wagg, pastor, managed to save most church records and the original pewter communion cups minutes before the roof caved in.

THE OLD TESTAMENT will require extensive revision as a result of information coming to light in the Dead Sea Scrolls, predicts Dr. J. Philip Hyatt, president of the Bible Literature Society and acting dean of the Vanderbilt University Divinity School, Nashville, Tenn.

SUNDAY SALE OF AUTOMOBILES has been outlawed in New Jersey by a 6-0 decision of the State Supreme Court. A lower court held the ban unconstitutional.

THE BOARD OF MISSIONS had a record income of \$23,533,296 in fiscal 1956. Reports from the annual meeting (Jan. 15-18) at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., indicate the total, from all sources, exceeds the previous year by more than \$235,000. Disbursements were allocated 50 per cent to world missions; 38 per cent, home missions; 12 per cent, administration and other expenses.

A STATEMENT URGING PRACTICAL STEPS toward racial integration has been suggested as a standard of accreditation for Methodist colleges and universities. The proposal came from 22 executive secretaries of annual conference boards of education.

MINNESOTA METHODIST YOUNG PEOPLE—13,000 of them—have kicked off a highway safety crusade based on their Christian concept of "letting the other fellow go first." They will distribute car stickers to youth groups and ask members to pledge safe and courteous driving.

A BILL PROVIDING STATE SCHOLARSHIPS for students at church-affiliated schools is being drafted for the Nebraska legislature by State Sen. Mervin Bedford, a Methodist layman. The legislation seeks \$500,000 to be split up among 3,500 students. Methodists have one college in the state: Nebraska Wesleyan, Lincoln (enrollment, 924).

(For More Church News See Page 65.)

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One hundred and eleven years ago, the Methodist Church founded the third women's college in the nation at Jacksonville, Illinois.

Ever since, MacMurray College for Women has not only offered an outstanding and fully accredited education, but has been a college genuinely con-

cerned with each individual student's Christian growth, both in class and out. It has become a greatly respected national institution, ranking in the top five colleges for women, according to a recent Ford Foundation study. This year MacMurray has students from 36 states as well as foreign countries.

New MacMurray College for Men to join MacMurray College for Women

Now, a companion college is to be established: MacMurray College for Men . . . a coordinate college (rather than co-educational) so that students will have the benefits of independent development yet enjoy the social advantages of co-education.

Each college will have its own dean, its own student government, its own campus area and campus life. MacMurray men can, after the sophomore year, take courses at the College for Women,

and women can take courses at the College for Men.

This new Methodist college will both assist our country in educating each year's growing waves of high school graduates . . . and help maintain the balance between church college and state institutions.

It will carry the lessons and morality of the church to a larger part of our growing society.

1,000 Founders needed now

The die is cast. The Men's College will open its doors to students in September of 1957, and by the end of the year \$2,000,000 in cash or pledges will be needed for the most urgently required new buildings—a dormitory, a Science Hall, a Field House.

Those who contribute or pledge—now—a thousand dollars or more will be known as Founders of this new col-

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How I Pray

BY ROY L. SMITH



The author sees God "something like" this statue of Moses by Michelangelo.

HOW ANY man prays depends entirely upon his concept of God. If he believes in a God of wrath and caprice, his prayers will be a combination of fear and flattery; if he believes in a God of love and mercy—such as Jesus described—his prayers will be expressions of faith and confidence.

Many years ago, in the course of a visit to the Art Institute of Chicago, I came upon an enormous replica of Michelangelo's Moses. Its heroic size, the spirit of majesty which pervaded it, and the impression of power it conveyed left a profound impact on my mind. It is not that I pray to a massive Moses, but that I pray to a God who is something like that.

It gives me a vast sense of security to feel that the God to whom I pray is so completely powerful that no emergency can upset him. Not even the power of evil is sufficient to defeat him, though it may delay him at times. Until my God is put to rout, I need never fear. And Michelangelo's Moses suggests a God who *is* invincible.

My study of Jesus' teachings encourages me to believe that God can be approached exactly as I approached my father. He was a fair and just man who seemed to have an almost uncanny way of knowing a boy's mind and understanding a boy's mistakes. I never had to explain anything to him; he made me think he believed in me before I even tried to defend myself. His love for me made any defense unnecessary. And I now pray as if God were that kind of father. Jesus assures me I have the right to do exactly that. "Like as a father . . ." In God's presence I find that I am often ashamed, but never am I afraid.

With these two concepts in mind, I find myself praying positively. My heavenly Father knows my needs and is eager to supply them. He is as eager to rescue me from my mistakes as I am anxious to escape from them. I

never feel that it is necessary for me to persuade him to love me; my prayers become assertions of complete trust and confidence.

It is true, of course, that God sometimes keeps me waiting. I am sure this is as disappointing to him as it is to me. One day I discovered that in keeping God waiting I had made it impossible for him to answer one of my loved ones promptly. I know now that when I hold out against him I am making it difficult for him to assist someone else. My very first appeal, therefore, is that God may make plain to me the part he wants me to play.

I have discovered that the first 10 minutes of wakefulness in the morning and the last 10 minutes before sleep at night are my most productive prayer periods. In the morning I begin with the psalmist's prayer, "This is the day the Lord has made." And then ask, "Lord, what do you have planned for me today?" At night I pray, "Lord, here's my day. It is not all I wanted it to be, but I'm handing it back as it is. It is far from perfect, but so also am I. But you know I have tried. And because you are my heavenly Father I know you will accept it just as my own father accepted my imperfect efforts in spite of their imperfections."

Not long after that I am sleeping in peace.

"He patrolled a beat, and he knew just about everyone who lived on that beat. If young Johnny started hanging around pool halls, the officer knew about it."

Erle Stanley Gardner on:

The Case of the Missing Morals

A FEW MONTHS ago I was in the barred cell of a city prison. A few feet away from me sat a rather dazed, hopelessly dejected young man in his early twenties who was facing an almost inevitable term in San Quentin prison.

This young man was married and had children. He had a fair education. He was reputed to be a good worker. He had been reasonably temperate in his habits. However, a swift turn of the wheel of fortune had left him out of a job, virtually penniless and desperate. He had turned to crime as an easy way to raise money. Twice he got away with it, securing relatively small amounts of money, and making good his escape. The third time he was apprehended.

The young man was quite miserable when I interviewed him. I was trying to find out what had really caused him to turn to a career of crime, and he was trying to help me. He, himself, didn't really know. He was willing to co-operate to the extent of searching his past life, his training, his habits of thinking, his general background, in order to

find out where he had gone wrong.

I mention him because of a comment which he made after a long period of silence. He looked up and said: "Mr. Gardner, I wish that when I had been given an education, someone had put a little more emphasis on teaching me the difference between right and wrong."

Unfortunately this young man isn't typical of the juvenile criminal of today. His was and is an exceptional case.

Altogether too frequently the modern juvenile criminal is a strange combination of mental immaturity, viciousness, and swagger. Our civilization is producing a constantly increasing number of these young law breakers. Almost every law enforcement officer that I know is alarmed by the situation. Some are completely appalled by it. Something is missing today in the moral complement of a large percentage of our boys, and unfortunately an alarm-





Illustrated by JACK WHITE

ingly large percentage of our girls.

What is it that is missing?

Basically it is a sense of real moral responsibility.

Why is it missing? Is it their fault, is it our fault, or is it the fault of an environment which has changed too rapidly for society to keep abreast of the situation?

It may be well to consider certain factors which may give us a clue.

During the past few years our

ideas in regard to education have undergone a complete change. Formerly the restraints of discipline were imposed from without. The child faced discipline by parents, discipline by teachers at school, and to a very considerable extent discipline by law.

Today much of this discipline has been removed.

A couple of generations ago, the police officer was a foot soldier. He patrolled a beat, and he knew just about everyone who lived on that

beat. If young Johnny Doe started hanging around pool halls, the officer knew about it. He knew about it in time to speak to Johnny Doe, to speak to Johnny Doe's parents. In those days Johnny Doe's father was working, but his mother was pretty apt to be at home, making that home a spiritual headquarters as well as a physical shelter.

Then came the extreme mobility of a motorized age. Crooks were able to use automobiles in commit-



Erle Stanley Gardner

He Champions the Underdog

A CHINESE workman in Oxnard, Calif., charged with a crime he did not commit, had no money with which to hire a defense lawyer. He approached one of his elders for advice.

"You go see Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner," the elder said. "He help!"

Cases of the impoverished, friendless, sometimes illiterate, came often to Gardner in Oxnard about 30 years ago, long before he became the world's best-selling mystery writer and prime mover of "The Court of Last Resort." Today Gardner devotes an increasing amount of time to the Court, joining with criminologists to investigate cases of men wrongfully convicted. As a result, a number of innocent men have been freed from the nation's prisons.

In addition to fiction, Gardner writes many factual articles on the problems of law enforcement, making no charge for the latter. *The Case of the Missing Morals*, written especially for *TOGETHER*, is such an article.

The author-lawyer is a chunky, aggressive man in his 60s, who retains the light step of the boxer and the hearty handshake of the outdoorsman.

Born in Malden, Mass., he moved west as a youth, mastered law by working in a law office and studying law books at night, was admitted to the bar in 1911, and wrote his first story in 1920. All editors, it is said, like him "because he is reliable, we know he isn't a prima donna, and he never misses a deadline."

Gardner's first Perry Mason mysteries appeared in 1933.

ting crimes and make a quick getaway. The law countered by putting the officer on the beat in a prowler car, and installing a two-way radio system of communication. That enabled the law enforcement authorities to police larger areas with fewer men. But unfortunately crime was increasing faster than society could increase its protective measures.

Nowadays after a crime has been committed and a report telephoned to the police, it is nothing unusual to have a police car on the scene within a matter of seconds. Unfortunately, however, the protective influence of the officer on the beat has been sacrificed to this goal of increased mobility.

These squad cars cover large areas, and the officers in them are pretty apt to be strangers to the young Johnny Does whom they pass on the street.

At about the time the officer on the beat was being superseded by the radio prowler car, a new idea began to manifest itself in education. Educators felt that discipline had a tendency to stifle individuality. The old disciplinary restraints were thrown out of the window. Children were permitted to do as they pleased. In that way they "developed their individualities."

At about this time people began to want more things from government. They also wanted more things for themselves. They wanted washing machines and radios in the house and at least one automobile in the garage. Those things cost money. They also wanted more governmental protection. They wanted workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, better roads, bigger schools. They were faced with the grim necessity of supplying better military protection for the country generally. All of those things cost money.

The cost of living was going up. Taxes were going up. The father of the modern Johnny Doe couldn't make enough money to give the family everything that was needed. But the mother of the modern Johnny Doe was a very smart, very trim, young matron, who found she could get a job and supplement the family earnings. So Johnny Doe's mother went to work. And after school, and prior to the time Johnny Doe's

mother returned from the office, no one knew too much about what Johnny Doe was doing.

Moreover, with this new educational idea about removing disciplinary restraints in order to encourage self-development, the idea of a stern family discipline suddenly became obsolete.

What took its place? Unfortunately nothing took its place.

It should be perfectly axiomatic that, if we remove external discipline, we must take steps to replace it by inculcating the idea of self-discipline.

The schools which were so intent on letting children develop their characters by removing disciplinary restraints seemed to overlook this fact. And so no one took sufficient time to teach the children anything about the importance of self-discipline.

So here and there children who had been freed of external discipline, who hadn't learned the necessity of disciplining themselves, began to consider it smart to violate the rules of group discipline which society had enacted for itself and which are generally described as "laws." These children speedily attracted a following and soon we had juvenile gangs. Young toughs who swaggered through the problems of adolescence became leaders, and other children began to look up to them.

Soon we found a whole new false concept of moral standards entering the picture. It became "smart" to be tough. It was "smart" to belong to a gang. It is a deadly disgrace to be "chicken."

In short, the missing ingredient of our civilization so far as the youngster of today is concerned is an over-all appreciation of morals.

In far too many instances youngsters who might otherwise become good citizens have thrown away their moral concept of life and are pursuing false standards.

What are we going to do with these juvenile delinquents?

The idea of the law is that they must be punished. While we were revising our concept of school discipline we didn't do anything about our legal standards. The laws on our statute books still provide for punishment as a crime deterrent. The

basic idea is that the threat of punishment will deter people from committing crime.

So our courts are becoming flooded with cases where youngsters who have had outside discipline removed from the curriculum of life—who have been given no concept of self-discipline to take its place—have run afoul of the law and are up before judges for “punishment.”

The sheer volume of these cases is such that the judges simply can't apply “punishment.” So the young juvenile is “paroled to the custody of his parents.”

What does this really mean?

In far too large a percentage of cases it means that the young delinquent is returned to the very environment which had proved so ineffective in the first place!

So then what happens?

All too often the juvenile delinquent swaggers on into more serious crimes, soon developing a sadistic lust for beating, for crippling, for maiming and for raping.

Once the emotional patterns of a young man's life have become dedicated to these false gods, there is not very much that can be done for him. After that, it is not a question of what society can do *for* him but what society must do *to* him. He is incarcerated in state prison, and after that he is on the road to becoming a vicious, depraved criminal.

Some of the results are appalling.

A few months ago an airliner bearing some forty-four people was blasted down from the skies and tragedy descended upon homes throughout the nation. Forty-four twisted, crumpled bodies lay scattered about the terrain and investigating officers soon announced that this great air tragedy had been caused by a dynamite bomb deliberately planted aboard the ship by a juvenile delinquent who wanted to collect insurance by killing his own mother.

That is a startling exclamation point with which we can punctuate some of our thinking about modern juvenile delinquency. It not only shows the seriousness of the problem, but it shows the unfortunate fallacy of thinking that punishment can serve to rehabilitate a character that has become morally delinquent. Punishment isn't the answer.

As I see it, there is only one answer, and that is to keep these children from worshipping the false gods of brutality, viciousness, and violence.

Society has permitted these children to grow up without a proper appreciation of moral values, and we are going to have to remedy that one fundamental before we make any great progress in battling juvenile delinquency.

And so I am irresistibly brought back to the words which I first heard from the lips of this despondent, dejected young man in the barred confines of a small cell in a city jail: “I wish that when I had been given an education, someone had put a little more emphasis on teaching me the difference between right and wrong.”

Let us concede that this young man was perhaps rationalizing, that he was groping for some excuse by which he could absolve himself from the responsibility of the things he had done. The fact still remains that he uttered words which are filled with truth and logic.

Let's start teaching our youngsters the difference between right and wrong.

And in order to do that we're going to have to adopt a positive approach. We're going to have to show *right* for what it really is. We're going to have to show it as the goal of achievement, the thing for which man is struggling as he goes through life.

As we get older we realize that the purpose back of this conscious existence is to live a life which will make of each man and woman a human entry on the credit side of life's ledger.

We need to pass this understanding on to our children, but before we can do that we ourselves must have a clear concept of it.

What this country needs is a real moral awakening. Our children are a lot smarter than we think.

It is time that we ceased to regard this juvenile delinquency as an isolated phenomenon. It is a by-product of our national way of life. It is a part of the group responsibility which you and I share.

The case of the missing morals is not a mystery story. It bids fair to become a national tragedy.

getting along Together

I often remember the fall I went into the city park after an unsuccessful job hunt. In a mood of black despair I sank onto a bench.

“Lovely day,” said a serene voice. A white-haired man was sitting, smiling in my direction. A dog lay at his side. “The air breathes so clean this time of year,” the man observed.

As he continued to talk, my worries were replaced by a realization of the many things I could be grateful for. At length I rose to leave, happy and refreshed, then saw a harness about the dog's shoulders.

The man was blind.

—GEORGE MALLY, *Chicago, Ill.*

It happened in a small-town drug-store in Wyoming. We were surprised to find the usually quiet place teeming with children. At the center of the group sat a wiry old man in blue jeans, flannel shirt, and tattered Western hat.

“I'm just a sheepherder having myself a time,” he explained happily. “Used to come to town and get drunk, but found I get a bigger kick out of buying the kids all the ice cream they can eat.”

—JEAN F. ROATH, *Lovington, N. M.*

One morning I happened on Mrs. Marsh, a lonely widow who lives in a mid-city hotel. “I meet a nice man here every morning,” she told me, “who brings me a rose from his own flower garden.”

As she spoke, a man approached with a richly colored peace rose. The old woman's eyes were warm with happiness as she reached to take the flower he offered.

As we walked away together the man explained sheepishly, “I don't really have a garden. I buy a rose every morning and giving it to her makes me happy all day long.”

—HARRY HORNER, *New York City*

This column is for true tales of little deeds that illuminate the art of living. Let's have yours. If it's used, you'll soon receive a \$5 check.—Eds.



JANE ADDAMS

HERBERT HOOVER often asked for her advice; Woodrow Wilson told her he was "strengthened" by her aid; Theodore Roosevelt named her "America's most useful citizen." Cities, nations, great universities bestowed on her their highest accolades, including the Nobel Prize for Peace. Despite these honors she chose to live in the slums, and one of the proudest moments in her long life was when she was appointed garbage inspector for the city of Chicago.

Her name was Jane Addams. Her home was Hull House, America's pioneer social settlement, which she founded in Chicago's west-side slums. Here for nearly half a century she strove against injustice and unkindness, against dirt and disease, against greed and dishonesty in public office, against intolerance, bigotry, ignorance, and war.

She pointed out the economic and ethical need for slum clearance two generations before any city in the land took the matter seriously. She launched a public-health campaign almost single-handed, before 1900, to clean up filthy bakeries and butcher shops. She organized one of the earliest campaigns against juvenile delinquency. She "marched" for votes for women. In a cab on the

way to the Bull Moose convention in 1912 she convinced Theodore Roosevelt that equal suffrage must be a plank in his party's platform. She dedicated her most strenuous effort of all to the outlawry of war.

Hull House still stands today, a beacon of decency in Chicago's drab West Side. Walter Lippmann has called it a "cathedral of compassion." Twenty-two years after her death, the work she started there still goes on.

Born in 1860 in the hamlet of Cedarville, Illinois, near the Wisconsin border, Jane Addams from infancy suffered from a slight curvature of the spine that twisted her head to one side and in her youth, before it was corrected by an operation, gave her a strange, pigeon-toed gait. Perhaps it was this that made her introspective and sympathetic with unfortunate folk. When she was six, she rode in the family carriage through mean back streets of Freeport, the county seat, and for the first time saw the dwellings of the poor. Disturbed, she told her stepmother that some day she would build a big, fine house in a poor neighborhood "and invite the people in." Twenty-three years later she did just that.

Graduated from Rockford Female Seminary in 1881, she entered an eastern medical school, but after six months her health broke and she returned home. A long illness followed; in its course an operation partly straightened her twisted spine.

At 23 she went to Europe to round out her education. In London she visited the slums of Whitechapel, and the memory haunted her. Later, with a college friend, Ellen Gates Starr, she returned to Whitechapel

to visit the world's first social settlement, Toynbee Hall, then just four years old.

Stirred by what she saw, Jane Addams rushed back to Chicago to set up a similar establishment. For five months in 1889 she walked slum streets, hunting the spot which most needed the "big house" of her childhood dream.

At Polk and Halsted Streets, surrounded by dirty, overcrowded shacks, stood a once-fine mansion built in 1856 by a man named Hull. The ramshackle area was now teeming with the poorest of the poor: newly arrived Italians and Greeks, German, Russian, and Polish immigrants. The streets were deep with mud; water was piped into few houses; three or four families shared a spigot in the yard. There were only three bathtubs for the jam-packed thousands in a radius of a third of a mile. Sewage was sketchy, garbage rarely collected; a frightful stench pervaded the area. This, Jane Addams decided, was the place for her.

The old brick house had fallen on evil days. Flanked by a saloon and a livery stable, its first floor was a warehouse, the second floor a warren of dirty, one-room tenements. Miss Addams leased part of the first floor and all of the second, bought soap, lye, disinfectants, scouring brushes, and moved in with her friend Miss Starr. For weeks they scrubbed. Then they opened the doors. Later the Hull estate turned over to Miss Addams not only the old house but all the surrounding block on which today's expanded Hull House stands.

The term "social worker" had not

Overcoming smug indifference, this
pioneering social worker brought new hope
to Chicago's wretched slums.

of HULL HOUSE

By KARL DETZER

yet been coined. No university offered a course in sociology. Miss Addams, the leader, and Miss Starr, the willing follower, were crossing a frontier with no map to guide them. Before they were finished they had charted the course now pursued by social workers the world over.

Babies, dying by hundreds because of dirt, ignorance and malnutrition, were their first concern. They invited mothers to bring their babies in for baths, and they went out to the tenements to help mothers fix decent places for children to sleep. Soon other young women came to help. Within a year 20 volunteers were hard at work.

Tuberculosis was rife in Chicago's food-handling trades, the milk supply was tainted, the crime and infant-mortality rates were soaring. Despite 12-hour days at Hull House, Miss Addams found time to tell this sordid story anywhere she could find an audience—in churches, to unions, to women's clubs. One wealthy young property-owner who heard her asked how he might help. Miss Addams looked him in the eye, pointed out that in the Hull House neighborhood he owned several filthy firetraps, occupied by prostitutes. Why not tear the shacks down and make the lots into playgrounds? The property-owner was furious, but in a few weeks he gave her the land. On May 1, 1892, Jane Addams opened the first free public playground in Chicago.

Shocking conditions in industry early stirred her gentle wrath. In the needle trades, expensive garments were cut in unsafe factories, then sewed together throughout the neighborhood by women and chil-

dren, the latter paid four cents an hour. Jane Addams demanded factory safety laws and the prohibition of child labor.

Until then Hull House had been considered "harmless." Now a storm broke. Employers, slum parents and politicians joined to try to shout Jane Addams down. This woman was interfering with business; she must be stopped! One manufacturer promised \$50,000 "to support the work of Hull House," provided Miss Addams would halt her agitation for safety laws. Another offered \$20,000 to build a club for working girls, if Hull House would forget child labor. The offers only made Jane Addams more steadfast.

Soon 50,000 neighbors a year were visiting Hull House. They came to learn something of American cooking and housekeeping, and of American history, too. They came to art and music classes, to learn trades, to play games, dance, join community sings, take free baths in the basement. They came to learn English.

Grafting ward politicians furiously resisted Jane Addams' efforts to

secure better sewers and garbage collection. She sent the women of the neighborhood out in pairs to see and report violations of the sanitary code, then carried these reports to City Hall. The City Council ignored them, but the newspapers, sensing a scandal, spread them before the people. The mayor, impressed by Miss Addams' sincerity, appointed her inspector of garbage.

From her first day on the job she was out at six o'clock every morning to follow the collectors on their smelly rounds and to see that they did their work. She got the nine collection wagons in the ward increased to 17, took landlords into court, stirred such a mighty ruckus that Chicago began to clean itself up.

Of Jane Addams' reform efforts, none stirred so much resentment as her attitude in labor disputes. Chicago between 1890 and 1920 was the scene of long, bloody strikes. The pistol and blackjack were used freely by both sides. No matter which side used violence, Jane Addams opposed it, and this enraged both management and labor. When employers imported regiments of armed thugs to beat and intimidate the strikers, Miss Addams cried out bitterly.

Yet when a young strikebreaker from the Hull House neighborhood was set upon by union rowdies and badly beaten, she immediately expressed her disapproval by going to call on the injured man at his home. A mob of jeering union sympathizers had surrounded the house, threatening anyone who entered. Miss Addams was warned not to come closer. She did not slow her pace. The mob gave way. When

*Lighted windows
are a symbol
of Hull House,
bringing cheer to
a blighted
neighborhood.*



she came out later, the sullen union sympathizers did not molest her.

Even before 1910 Hull House was a mecca for visitors from all over America and Europe: Henry Ford, William Allen White, John Dewey, senators and cabinet members, a British prime minister, professors from Heidelberg. They came to look, and carried away inspiration.

In politics Jane Addams was a maverick. She disdained party labels. She voted the Socialist ticket once, the Progressive once (when Theodore Roosevelt ran on it), the Democratic once, and the Republican twice—for Herbert Hoover. Always a pacifist, she objected to ROTC in schools. This brought her into conflict during World War I with “patriotic societies,” and later with the American Legion which, in convention, booed when her name was mentioned.

Jane Addams was a plain-faced woman. She always dressed simply and inexpensively; she wanted to use her money for more important things. A biographer who had access to her accounts says that in 45 years she gave an average of \$25,000 a year to Hull House and allied causes from her inheritance, her lecture fees, and her writings. Her total contributions thus amounted to more than a million dollars according to the best-informed sources.



Four citizens of tomorrow, these children of immigrants learn America's ways—its life, language and wonderful games—while playing at the Hull House day nursery.

Most of the forlorn causes for which Jane Addams fought became winning achievements, and most of her “dangerous” ideas were accepted by the public before she died. She saw her cherished child-labor laws passed throughout the nation, safeguards established for both men and women in industry; adult education, public playgrounds, day nurseries, sanitary codes became universal. She voted in five presidential elections, and the women’s vote was no longer a matter of ridicule. She lived to see the World Court and the League of

Nations seeking to establish peace.

Jane Addams died of cancer on May 21, 1935. To the funeral in the Hull House courtyard came the great and the near-great of the state and nation. And by the thousands came her humble friends, the neighbors she had “invited in.” Other thousands, including workmen with their lunch boxes in their hands, knelt in the streets and wept and bade farewell to their friend. Around the world there were many stirring epitaphs. Of them all, the one she would have liked best was delivered impromptu.

To avoid a crowd at the railway station, no announcement was made of when the body would be taken to the train for the journey to the little cemetery in her childhood home of Cedarville. The morning after her funeral, the hearse moved down Halsted Street quietly and alone. Traffic was heavy and noisy. At Twelfth Street the hearse halted for a red light. A big Irish policeman approached.

“Is it her?” he asked. The driver nodded. The policeman’s whistle sounded; all traffic halted; silence settled on the corner. The officer came to salute and signaled the hearse forward. His voice carried to the crowds at the curbs.

“Rest in Peace!” he said, and Jane Addams for the last time left her chosen neighborhood. The last word uttered in her quiet presence there was the word she loved best: Peace.



“We’re citizens now!” These three received their coveted papers after studying what freedom means and the responsibilities that come with it.



Divorced—Almost 50 couples have learned how lonely “freedom” can be. Then, more in love than ever, they’ve been remarried by the author.

Love at Second Sight

By CHARLES RAY GOFF Pastor, Chicago (Methodist) Temple

“DIVORCE granted!” pronounced the judge, bringing the gavel down. “Too bad,” he said aside to the clerk. “Looks like a nice, intelligent couple.”

The two words were magic to Helen and Jack, who glared at each other as they left the bar of the court.

“How wonderful to be free!” exclaimed Helen, as she joined her relatives. Her erstwhile husband silently left the courtroom with his attorney.

No major charge, such as adultery, drunkenness, violence or desertion, had entered the case. “Mental cruelty,” involving bickering, defiance and recrimination, was the legal basis of the breakup. Each had nurtured the wounds into a gangrenous condition.

Years passed. Jack was depressed and lonesome; Helen struggled to keep her chin up. But time smooths

off rough edges, and their bitter quarrels became hazy and unreal. Then fate, or Providence, stepped in.

One day Helen was in a department store on a shopping tour. She stopped at a counter to inspect handbags. Something impelled her to look up—to see a man’s eyes focused on her. There was a fleeting hesitation, then recognition.

“Jack!” she cried out. “Helen!” he responded. Drawn to each other as by a magnet, they embraced, oblivious to others.

That’s the story they told me in my study at the Chicago Temple. They had heard of me as a downtown minister, and had sought guidance.

“We want to be remarried at the altar of the church, this time for keeps,” they said.

I pressed for further details. Their

chance meeting was some months before, and they had had a happy courtship again.

“It was love at second sight, much deeper and more understanding than our love at first sight was,” Helen said.

“You are resolved that you won’t repeat the discords of the past?” I prompted. “I won’t remarry you unless I’m convinced you’ve outgrown the pettiness and spitefulness which wrecked your first marriage.”

“We both agree on that,” replied Jack, smiling. “We’ve had victory through the suffering of loneliness. We’ve really grown up now, pastor. You can depend on it, this time it *will* stick. We’ve found that we’ve always been in love, and that our divorce was a tragedy of rebellious pride.”

I could tell by their fervent words

and actions that they meant it. As the marriage ritual in the church neared its end and they knelt before the cross, I laid my hands upon their heads and invoked God's blessing and benediction upon them. They went out to live a new life together.

The pair was one of forty-six divorced couples whom I have remarried. In my long ministry I have performed the marital rites for considerably more than 4,000 couples, so approximately one out of every 100 ceremonies has been that for a divorced husband and wife seeking to restore the broken bonds.

It may sound strange, but this has been one of the most satisfying phases of my ministry, because in it there's an element of healing an old wound and bringing a sufferer back to health. One's sympathy goes out to these couples who feel remorse over broken hearts and wasted years, and who now seek to reclaim what they once tossed impetuously aside.

Yet I have turned down a number because I wasn't satisfied that old quarrels had really been patched up. I have always insisted they probe deep into their personalities to see whether they have actually mastered the impulses and attitudes which wrecked them before.

"You can't just take up marriage where you left it off," I explain. "That merely means a revival of the old circumstances and then the old discords. Blot out as much as possible all of the past except your original love for each other and the occasions when you were happy together. Seal your lips on the former bitterness, and resolve that you'd rather die than quarrel again. Live out each day in mutual affection, thoughtfulness and tenderness, and the time will come when your divorce will be only a hazy, bad dream. Let God come fully and richly into your lives, and you cannot fail."

I have not been able to keep track of all the divorced couples I have rejoined, but as far as I know none has been divorced a second time. I have hoped and prayed each remarriage would be for good, and I have always stressed they must make unusual effort, telling them that it is easier to build on a new site than to tear down a wrecked structure and rebuild in its place.

Two of the couples had been divorced nineteen years before they finally reconciled and took up life together again. In one case the breach became wider, and reunion even more improbable, because of the remarriage of each. But a mutual friend was convinced that sometime, somewhere, somehow, they would find each other again and restore their union.

As I gathered the facts, I learned that nagging and counter-nagging caused this marriage to crack in the first five years. Neither person would admit blame for the quarrels, nor apologize or take the first step to reconciliation. Court action only laid raw the wounds before their friends, and intensified hate.

"I remarried within a year, just to show Susan another woman could take her place," Harry told me.

"It wasn't long afterward that I remarried on the rebound, to prove to Harry I could be happy without him," Susan related.

NEITHER was aware that an unknown factor, Mrs. X, was at work on a re-match-making project. She kept track of them through friends in the home town, ultimately learning that both marriages had been dissolved, one by death the other by divorce. Obtaining their addresses, she corresponded with each, giving hometown news interspersed with references to the other. Eventually Susan asked for Harry's address.

She wrote—Harry responded at once. Both were free. The correspondence evolved into courtship by mail, finally a meeting. From what they told me, their first sight of each other was dramatic—bringing laughter and tears, chatter and caresses.

"We quickly realized that we still loved each other, in spite of the many years of separation," they told me. "It was just like coming home again, after being away a long, long time."

They were in their early forties, still in their prime. It was moving to observe them during the wedding ceremony. You could tell by the glow of their faces, the fervency of their answers, that they intended their new marriage to be unbreakable. It has proved out in the several years

since I remarried those two people.

I think practically all my readers will agree that remarrying divorced couples is different from giving the blessing of the church to the wedding of a divorced man or woman. I look upon the former as restoring something that has been broken, as bringing together those who never should have separated.

Yet it should not be done lightly or on the impulse of the couple. There must be basic assurance that this time it is for keeps—otherwise, the clergyman would simply be paving the way for a recurrence of their first marital disaster.

It is worth noting also that the remarriages occurred after divorces based on trivialities rather than on the deadly diseases of marriage, and that the ties of love were weakened but not destroyed. I refer to the build-up of petty annoyances, complaints, irritations and backbiting into a mountain of discord, yet each item in itself being minor.

If there has been real love, not just infatuation to start with, only "vicious conditions" (to which the Methodist *Discipline* refers in considering justifiable causes for divorce) to destroy it. Adultery, habitual drunkenness, physical abuse, desertion and criminality can be death to love. And divorces for such causes usually stick, I understand. I would not, of course, minimize a situation where fundamental change or reform of the guilty party has brought about a successful remarriage of those divorced for such a major cause. But none was among the forty-six couples I have remarried.

Remarrying divorced couples has convinced me that true marriage is for life. When two people are *really* married, they never can get over it. Veteran attorneys of the divorce courts tell me that half the couples getting divorced, especially the wives, regret the action afterward; many more would be reunited, except for self-pride causing unwillingness to take the first step toward reconciliation.

A number of couples I have remarried had been divorced ten to fifteen years, but the rest had been apart for about five years. Some came for reunion within two years, realizing they couldn't live apart and

breaking through all self-erected barriers of stubbornness and revenge in order to mend the priceless association they had severed.

"We have discovered we simply can't live without each other," a score or more of these couples have told me. But in their new marriage they have gone into it realistically. That doesn't mean they are any the less romantic about it, but it is the deeper romance which takes account of human frailties and makes allowance for imperfections. The infantile conception that marriage settled everything, that moonlight and roses will be the perpetual order, and that bliss has no interruptions, has proved its falsity in a costly way, and now the couples are matured sufficiently to take reverses, troubles and frustrations along with victories, pleasures and rewards as part and parcel of living.

Romantic love as it is widely portrayed today is transitory. Enduring love must have a deep respect as its cornerstone. It may be the element of sincerity, kindness, courage, loyalty, or other virtue that appeals to the man or woman in the development of affection, but it has to be something constructive and enduring.

My respect as a young fellow for the girl I married was first for her rugged honesty; I knew what she told me was true. Our companionship ripened into an attachment and then into love that has steadily grown stronger in the forty-five years we have spent together.

I have found that religion is profoundly important to permanence of marriage. Sociologists have made surveys which prove it. In my own experience of nearly fifty years as pastor, I have not known of a divorce where two of my people were active in church, had had a stirring personal religious experience and were deeply devout. Christianity gives to such as they a meaning to marriage that nothing outside religion can equal. Young people become one before God and man for life—and there is seldom, if ever, need for them to come before a minister for remarriage.

I am confident that there are many thousands of divorced couples who regret their marital break-up, and

who give thought to possible reconciliation and remarriage. It may be merely wishful thinking on the part of many, a wistfulness concerning "what might have been." With others, it may be a determination to see "if we can't make a go of it again"; with the thought in the background that if it doesn't succeed, husband and wife could separate as before. It must run deeper than that—there must be a love that has survived everything which has happened, and still gnaws at the heart for reconciliation and reunion.

I would like to make a few suggestions for divorced couples who may be thinking of remarriage:

1. If it is just a deal to satisfy children or other relatives, I would discourage it. It takes a stronger love than ever to make a success of remarriage.

2. Reject any thoughts of remarriage if it is planned for convenience in handling jointly-owned property, or to cut the cost of living, or to get a better income-tax deal. This would be a travesty.

3. Consider whether causes of the divorce have been eliminated, so there will be no repetition of old quarrels and discords.

4. If either the man or the woman feels he or she won out in the first place, and expects to dominate again, disaster is all but inevitable.

5. But if loneliness has refused to disappear, and the image of the loved-and-lost one keeps cropping up in memory; if there is an attitude of repentance for one's own guilt, and an intense desire to ask forgiveness and to give it; if one feels not only willing but eager to spend the rest of his or her life with the former mate, then remarriage under God may be wisely and worthily sought.

6. If no hurt or injustice is done to any other person in any way, then one may feel the way is clear.

7. A couple should pray earnestly for God's guidance in re-establishing their home of love and happiness.

I'd like to close this article with a benediction: May the Lord's blessing rest upon any and all divorced couples who *earnestly* seek to heal the wounds of the past, and to renew in marriage the inextinguishable love which he gave them in years bygone.



BOOMERANG

By C. Clifford Bacon

WHEN I was a boy, I owned a small, homemade boomerang. It was fascinating to watch that little boomerang as it left my hand to soar away and then return, dropping like a trained puppy at my feet.

I was reminded of my childhood plaything recently when I saw a deadly looking Australian-style boomerang in a local store. It was heavy, and I was disturbed by the fact that if it sailed back and hit a person that person would be hurt. But I bought it and took it home. For security reasons, however, I went out into the open country before trying to throw it.

As I watched this amazing piece of bent wood perform, I was struck by the thought that here is a parable of life. Like a boomerang, the things we think and say and do come back to us. Think of the boomerang idea in our relations with people. I find that, if we approach men with distrust or dislike, they react to us the same way.


I am reminded of the story of two men who found themselves occupying the same stateroom on a trip across the Atlantic. The first day at sea one secretly went to the purser's office and said: "Keep my money in the ship's safe. I don't like the looks of the man in the stateroom with me."

The officer looked up the number, then said with a smile:

"Isn't that strange? Just a few minutes ago that man was in here saying the same thing about you."

How We'll

A look ahead 20 years



LET'S LOOK ahead 20 years—at the America of 1977. Science has wonderful things in store for us. The trends are well underway today.

Suppose we visit the 1977 home of that 10-year-old youngster who is running and shouting outside your window right now. He will be 30, married, rearing a family . . . and let's think of the day of our visit as sunny and the sky as blue . . .

Two automobiles of strange design are parked in the driveway beside a bright, shining, air-conditioned home. A robot lawn mower purrs as it methodically crosses the lawn.

Our host—that scrawny, little kid next door—is seated comfortably in a reclining lawn chair. He is tall, tanned, fit, and smiling. As he welcomes us, he flicks a button and the robot lawn mower comes to a stop.

"Have a nice trip?" he asks. "Helicopters beat cars for short trips."

He takes us inside his house. It is spic and span, amazingly efficient and convenient, full of electronic marvels. Living room walls and ceilings glow with soft, shadowless light. On a television screen, hanging picture-thin on the wall, a program in full color is underway. The colors are rich and warm and the effect is that of Cinerama or Cinemascope.

The tireless electron runs refrigerator, washing machine, kitchen gadgets—even guards the house like a faithful watchdog.

Our hostess pushes a button beside a small television screen. The face of a sleeping child appears.

"I just wanted to peek in on the baby," she says. "He's in the nursery in the west wing."

Windows close and open automatically. They

Live in '77

by Leo Cherne

can be closed by telephone if the family is away from home. Or they will respond to the first raindrops that fall. Dust and extremes of temperature are banished—even germs practically eliminated by sterilizing rays.

Our hostess glances at her wrist watch which, incidentally, serves also as a wrist telephone. It is almost noon.

"Lunch is being prepared and will be ready in exactly four minutes," she explains.

"Oh, you have a cook?"

The hostess looks puzzled for a moment, then smiles.

"Why should anyone employ a human to do the cooking when—well, the kitchen can do it better?"

In the wonderful kitchen of 1977, she goes on, electronic devices clean dishes without a drop of water. Meals may be ordered on magnetic tape and the instructed electronic oven goes to work at the right moment. Foods purchased months before have been sterilized by atomic radiation and will keep indefinitely without refrigeration. This, however, has not eliminated the need for refrigerators and home freezer units.

Our host's automobiles are light and safe, turbo-powered, radar protected. Tiny transistors make possible the picture-thin television sets, the television-telephone which enables face-to-face conversations across ocean and distant nations . . .

And that's a quick visit to the home of 1977, as I foresee it. Dream stuff, you say? Not at all, because today in 1957 many of these things are facts.

Atomic power is already making possible the





By HERMAN B. TEETER

THE Rev. Paul Smith drove down the asphalt lane from his home, turned onto the superhighway, and folded the steering wheel into its compartment under the instrument panel. Tiny Betty squirmed in the back seat.

"What's a bad cold, Daddy?"

"A cold is something that once kept a lot of people away from Sunday school and church."

"How do you get a bad cold, Mother?" asked 8-year-old Bobby.

"You don't—not in 1977—unless you forget to take your anti-tabs," Anne replied.

Paul yawned and stretched as the swift, three-wheeled, radar-controlled groundcar crossed automatically into another lane to pass a slower vehicle. Then the sleek machine streaked ahead on the 10-lane highway, her super-fab, non-skid, non-blowout, 100,000-mile tires swishing faintly under a noiseless motor.

"My, how things have changed!" Paul remarked. "Twenty years make a lot of difference." Where slums had been in 1957, here was open country—green, sunny, antiseptic, dotted by smokeless buildings of glass and steel.

"We'll be at your mother's in time for Sunday school as well as church," Anne said. "Then we'll have our homecoming picnic and—"

"Lookit!" Bobby shrilled. "The monorail!"

The slim, rocket shape of the monorail sang by, flashing ahead at 150 miles an hour on a single rail over the highway. "I wish I could ride the monorail to grandma's," Bobby said. "We're just going 90 now."

Paul grinned. Twenty years ago there had been no monorail trains, electronic highways, foolproof autos. The world of 1957 seemed far away.

"Bobby, get your grandma on your wrist-watch phone," he said. "Tell her we'll meet her at the church."

A warning bell sounded and the car pulled onto an auto-stop zone. Paul unfolded the steering wheel and took control again. There was no traffic beam on the side road which led to his old home town.

"Grandma says she is already at the church," Bobby reported.

"Will she have a vita-burger in her purse?" Betty asked. "I'm hungry."

Anne laughed. "You know grandma doesn't bring vita-burgers to church. But I've packed some old-fashioned hamburgers for the picnic."

"Oh, boy!" exclaimed Bobby. "Onions and everything!"

"What's an old-fashioned hamburger, Mamma?" Betty asked.

Anne explained as they drove down the main street of their old home town. They pulled up before the First Methodist Church where green ivy grew on red-brick walls and a crowd of worshippers stood outside in the warm spring sunshine.

"It is not new and pretty like our church at home," Bobby said.

"It will do," Anne said, the deep lights glowing in her eyes. "Your father helped lay the cornerstone of this church in 1957. It will always be a special church for us."

Tiny Betty climbed over the back of the seat and tumbled into Paul's lap. "What's a cornerstone, Daddy, and can I have an old-fashioned hamburger right now?"

"And, Daddy, can I ride the monorail back home?"

Anne sighed and turned toward her husband, eyes laughing. "What was that you said, Paul, about things having changed so much in 20 years?"

automatic factory. The burgeoning science of nucleonics can set plastic instantaneously, sterilize medicines and provide medical treatment. Many of the new goods and services will be refinements of the things we can buy anywhere in the United States today; others will have taken forms styles, and uses undreamed of in 1957.

In the America of 1977, products of the electronic-atomic age will pour in a steady stream from assembly lines run by machines which think, take notes of what they are doing, and correct what they do wrong. These automation units must operate 24 hours a day to produce enough goods to pay for themselves. And so the salesman of the future must be a superseller who can convince you that you need two or three television sets, two or three automobiles, and all the latest gadgets for kitchen and workshop.

Automation will make new jobs, abolish others. There will be unemployment among some classes of skilled workers, but this will be temporary. There will be recessions, but no depressions near the magnitude of the early 1930s.

That scrawny kid of 10 next door can look forward to retirement in his 50s. During his working years, he will toil fewer hours while earning half again as much money as his father did in the same job. America's population will have jumped the 200 million mark. A large segment of this population will be retired people—recreation-minded, rich in experience, still vigorous, likely to live another 20 years because of continued advances expected in medical science.

In 1977 the nation will produce and consume half again as much as it does in 1957. Travel will be faster, cheaper, safer. Ground, air, water traffic will be radar-controlled. Superhighways will reach out in every direction—crisscrossing every state. City workers who live 100 miles away from the job will be only one hour away by improved monorail or helicopter.

Solar power will be near reality in 1977—and when that happens, there will be unlimited, free power available from the sun. Meanwhile, we'll exploit the fabulous energy released by atomic fission.

Life 20 years from now will re-

volve, as it always has, around the home and the family. The instinct to build a home and rear a family will be unchanged. Because that is so and because we seek to preserve what we cherish, we shall worry more.

What to do with leisure will be a major problem in 1977. Man will find it difficult to adjust to increasingly rapid changes in his physical environment. Some people flying helicopters will be as poorly equipped as some automobile drivers appear to be today. As for mental disease: at the present rate, one child in every ten can expect to spend some time in a mental hospital.

The psychiatrist will be very much in demand in this technological Garden of Eden of 1977. For one thing, man will worry about small localized wars. And the increasing complexities of life in 1977, the incredible speed at which we will be moving, the constantly stepped-up rate of change, will do more damage to mental health than the continual threat of nuclear destruction. Enormously increased tensions will have made emotional disturbances more common than ever before.

For man, surrounded by comfort and convenience, will remain troubled within. Juvenile delinquency will continue, though not at the current rate. Improved methods of prevention and rehabilitation will put a brake on crime. For its own safety, the community of 1977 will concentrate on preventing crime and delinquency through group activity and psychological counseling.

Behind the infallible push-button stands fallible man—and that spells out trouble. Were the promise of the future to depend only on the fallible and destructive nature of man, we would enter these next 20 years anxious and despondent.

I expect to see fallible man seek divine help more than he has since the Industrial Revolution began. I look for the present-day trend toward religion to continue and to lead to a great religious revival. For man will return to religion as he discovers he cannot explain life without it.

Men and women of 1977 will not find real happiness in the technological wonders around them. They must seek it elsewhere.

A Man is Known

By ROY L. SMITH

AN OLD proverb says that a man is known by the company he keeps. But there are many other ways to take a person's measure. The newspaper clippings he saves, for example.

John Beech was a quiet-mannered and godly man whose wife died before he was 40. With amazing skill he mothered his little ones until they grew to adulthood and took honored places in their community. Then, one day, John's heart stopped.

"You never had a chance to know Dad intimately," the young man said to the family's minister as they arranged for the funeral. "Of course, you knew him as he sat in church on Sunday morning. But you couldn't know the real spirit of his life.

"I've just gone through his papers, and I found some clippings he tucked away. They reveal his spirit better than anything I could say. Would you like to see them?"

The clergyman was surprised to find some lovely little poems, a collection of striking epigrams, and exquisite prose that dealt with life's profoundest themes. Also, there were elegant reproductions of world-famous paintings. John Beech had saved nothing trivial or petty.

When the preacher had finished, he knew that for the first time he had really glimpsed the innermost soul of John Beech.

This story contains a hint for each of us as we come to the opening of another new year. Even a casual stranger could quickly form a reasonably accurate picture of us if he could see those things we are carrying over from last year into 1957.

The Old Testament warns us to "keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it cometh the issues of life."



The real heart of any man—the essence of his life—consists of the memories he keeps alive, and clippings are their symbols. They reveal so much about the things we prefer to remember!

He who nourishes grudges, envies, jealousies, animosities, or grievances becomes one kind of person. He who remembers loveliness, exalted thoughts, great aspirations, and holy purposes becomes a very different kind of person.

Do your life's clippings tell of a soul's holy outreach? Or of trivia, bawdy humor, and vulgarity?

None of us can choose the circumstances with which we are compelled to deal day by day. But anybody *can* choose the memories he or she keeps alive, the thoughts that are our companions through the night. These are the basic stuff of which life itself is made.

Week by week, through the years, John Beech guided his life by beauty and profound truth. During his struggle to rear his motherless little family, these things had served as life preservers for his hard-pressed spirit. And in gratitude he saved them. Because a thrilling thought had tided him over bad times, he put it away in the bank—exactly as he would have a stock certificate or a valuable bond.

Ideas, not things, were his treasures. He saved them as other men save securities and cash.

The secret of John Beech's rich, purposeful life was his ability to sort out the essential from the trivia. He read the same newspapers that other men read. But he found in them the uplifting and the inspiring.

As we begin the year, it will repay us well to sort over our clippings to separate the eternal from the trivial.



Everybody was welcome—but nobody ever got around to tasting all the delicacies.

*Smorgasbord
being served
in the Youth Club
rooms at the
De Gout
sw. block which is like
great*

Behind the Scenes

Smorgasbord at Algoma

TO VIEW a church *smörgasbord* (that's Swedish for "sandwich table") from behind the scenes, a TOGETHER photographer went to Algoma, Wis., for the annual feast sponsored by the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist church.

Smörgasbord, he found, is an assembly-line product. It contains just about as many parts as a brand-new car.

Algoma's smörgasbord started in kitchens all over town, but the parts were assembled in the community's fine, new recreation center. (The Methodists' own basement dining room wasn't big enough for the piles of food or the 900 people who enjoyed it.)

Mrs. Robert Gaulke, wife of the president of Door-Kewaunee County Teachers College, supervised the big feed. Such dishes as *Potatis Koru* (potato sausage) came from one home, *Fattigmand Bakelser* (poor man's cookies) from another, *Sur Sild* (pickled herring) from somewhere else. The menu featured 30 Scandinavian specialties, including hot and cold meats, smoked and pickled fish, sausages, cheese, salads, relishes, desserts, and 12 kinds of bread.

The people of Algoma have enjoyed this feast each year since 1949. And when it's smörgasbord time in Algoma, word spreads around the whole Green Bay area. Last year merchants helped by moving stoves and refrigerators into the community-center-turned-smörgasbord-palace. And friends from other local churches came to help their Methodist neighbors on Smörgasbord Day.

The basement dining room of Algoma's growing Methodist church wasn't large enough to accommodate the many hundreds of smörgasbord diners.



Dishwashing for 900 hungry guests isn't a job to pray for—but it is man's task on Smörgåsbord Day in Algoma.



A behind-the-scenes smörgåsbord bonus was the privilege of tasting just about everything at leisure.

Chief dish washer was Robert Gaulke, president of the local college. Mrs. Gaulke supervised the planning and distribution of food.



The smörgåsbord lasted eight busy hours, but the church ladies found some friendly moments for a breather.

Hot water for dishwashing (below) came in milk cans as Pastor Donald Francis started the kitchen cleanup. (Right) Mrs. Ione van Price, WSCS leader, and assistant did some bookkeeping.



Together in the Home

We mixed sentiment and business

By LESLIE E. DUNKIN

"WHAT are we going to do about the money question?" my wife asked one night.

I looked up from the book I was reading.

"The what?"

"What are we going to do about allowances for our children?"

We had known for a long time that the problem would arise. Our children—three daughters and a son—had stair-stepped up from infancy and would be in their teens.

"Most of our neighbors give their children generous allowances," my wife continued. "The children next door always have money."

Now, I was never one to try to keep up with the Joneses—certainly not the well-to-do Joneses next door!

"Why, he makes more in a week than I make in an entire month!" I reminded her.

"It isn't the amount so much. It's the basic principle. Our children will be needing their own money. We should love them enough to let them have a regular amount each week."

I could have reminded my wife that in addition to giving his children a liberal allowance, our neighbor paid someone else to do work which the children should have done.

"Can love be bought with an allowance, a gift?" I asked. "Or does the child have love for the gift, rather than the parent?"

My wife shook her head. I could see that she would not be completely satisfied if we set up a regular allowance, merely as a gift of money for sentimental reasons.

"There's another possibility," I suggested. "We could pay our children

for doing various jobs about the house."

Again my wife shook her head.

"There is one serious objection to that. We'd be commercializing the family and that would do away with group love and the true family spirit. I don't like your businesslike way any better than you liked the love-and-sentiment way."

Here then was a deadlock. The problem we had known would come was still in our laps. There was only one thing to do. Compromise.

"Your plan is sentimental," I said. "Mine is businesslike. Why not mix sentiment with business? The results may surprise us."

Surprise us they did, indeed. It

started, I remember, when we learned that a neighbor—a widow with two small children—wanted very much to see an outstanding movie which had come to our town. But she had little money for living expenses, much less luxuries, and it would not be convenient for her to take the two children with her.

My wife and I discussed the matter in the presence of our children. We decided to buy a ticket and present it to our neighbor. One of our daughters spoke up immediately.

"We'll baby-sit for her!" she volunteered.

"And we'll do it free!" another said.

Here, for the asking, was a neighborly project which gave us the chance to



BIG HELP

Not every morning of my life,
But now and then, to help my wife,
I make my bed, which when
She's thanked me for my thoughtfulness
And viewed the lumpy, bumpy mess
She makes again.

—Richard Armour

You are invited to write for this page—about real-life family and home problems and how you have solved them. If your letter is published (300 to 500 words, please) we'll send you a \$25 check.—Eds.

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer

General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Around the World in 80 Days (United Artists) *Family* (+).

Based on Jules Verne's 19th-century novel, the film is a marvelous globe-circling travelogue with gorgeous photography, clever incidents, excitement and humor. It adds up to three hours of enjoyable entertainment.

David Niven plays Phileas Fogg, who wagers fellow members of his stuffy London club that he can go around the world in less than three months. Cantinflas is his shrewd but often clumsy valet, Passepartout. Everything happens to delay the intrepid pair, but nothing stops them.

Friendly Persuasion (Allied) *Adults* (+) *Youth* (+).

From an Indiana Quaker community of the 1860s comes one of the year's best films. The conflict in the heart of a God-fearing Quaker mother who tries to follow the Bible teaching in training her son is almost overpowering. Notable performances by a fine cast.

Giant (Warner Brothers) *Adults* (+) *Youth* (+).

An outstanding film that's as big as Texas! As the years come and go, Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor find a new maturity in events which threaten but do not upset their marriage. Petulant James Dean represents the perpetual adolescent. His weaknesses are magnified when an oil strike floods him with riches.

The Mountain (Paramount) *Adults* (+) *Youth* (+).

Though some of the actors look as though they belonged in Hollywood instead of the snow-covered Swiss Alps, this record of mountain-climbing adventure is about the most exciting film shown in recent months.

Pillars of the Sky (Universal-International) *Adults* (—).

This feeble attempt to show the saga of frontier missionaries with the shooting, whooping of an orthodox Indian-fighting Western results in neither good religion nor good entertainment.

Public Pigeon No. 1 (RKO) *Family* (+).

With Red Skelton as the dupe of

clever confidence men promoting phony stock, anything can happen—and almost everything does!

Silent World (Columbia) *Family* (+).

A fascinating, factual color film by the famous French underwater explorer, Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau. He reveals sights never filmed before: a herd of sperm whales and droves of sharks that attack one of the wounded ocean giants.

Cousteau's documentary film record of skin divers exploring a sunken ship is really awesome.

The Ten Commandments (Paramount) *Adult* (+) *Youth* (+).

In a prologue to one of the most spectacular pictures ever photographed, Cecil B. DeMille, producer-director, states that the foundations of man's freedom came from the Ten Commandments which God gave to Moses. From this foundation came the belief in a life of law, not dictatorship, DeMille says.

Unfortunately, during most of the nearly four-hour film, this profound truth is buried beneath an eye-filling, emotion-wrenching panorama of life in ancient Egypt. And strangely enough, the humanness of the characterizations set in such grandeur reduces the import of the Biblical story.

But the sets, the acting, the dramatic impact of the film rate the highest adjectives Hollywood can bestow on a picture.

Tension at Table Rock (RKO) *Adults* (+) *Youth* (+).

A Western with better than average characterizations and enough action to suit young and old. The story line: a man falsely accused of a murder lives under a stigma until he dramatically clears his name.

You Can't Run Away From It (Columbia) *Adults* (+).

A sophisticated re-do of the ever-fresh comedy, *It Happened One Night*. June Allyson and Jack Lemmon star as the romantic pair that finally get married after June runs away from the husband chosen by her too-rich and overbearing—even if well-meaning—papa.

launch our sentiment-with-business program.

This is what happened. The children did the baby-sitting job and would accept nothing from our neighbor. We paid them ourselves, but urged them not to say a word about this to anyone.

Other opportunities followed in rapid succession. The children joined in with enthusiasm, working outside the home to help people who could not afford to pay them. For doing this, we gave them an allowance. At the same time, we reminded the children that family and home must not be neglected; and that they could not expect money for every service they performed, either in the home or elsewhere.

Word got around the neighborhood. When others heard about our children helping without pay, they began offering little jobs that did pay. These jobs were fun for the children. And also they were now making money of their own.

But they did not stop helping those who could not pay.

"We don't want you to pay us any longer for helping needy people," the children said one day. "What's more, we want to keep working without pay here in the home."

I am sure that the feeling of independence they had acquired, the feeling of service they were performing, made them even more grateful for our home and family life.

This arrangement was continued through the years. During those years, my wife and I tied in the practical sentiment-and-business program with religious training in the home.

Looking back now, my wife and I realize we made a fortunate decision the night we discussed giving our children allowances. At an age when their friends were insisting on "gift" allowances, or were receiving pay for work around home, our children were on their own financially. They were making more money than any allowance we could have afforded. It was not dad's money; it was their own—and they were careful how they spent it.

Because we mixed sentiment with business, our children received valuable experience in life. They grew up to be dependable, thorough, and enterprising, and we are proud of them.

All of this was several years ago. My wife and I now live in South Bend, Ind., and we have six grandchildren. We believe our plan will be handed down through these grandchildren to yet another generation.

From the quiet groves
he loved, "Old Abe" drew
strength and faith.

LINCOLN

among the trees

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

NATURE made a man of her own when she made Abraham Lincoln. She gathered him into her own particular design; marked him with the rain and the wind, snow and sun; then offered him as a support and shelter to a panic-stricken world of men.

Lincoln's greatness was the product of his early environment. His genius was in those extraordinary traits of soul which were quite independent of his intellect. And these had been developed by his pioneer childhood. He was a brother to the forests, to the growing fields, to trees and shrubs and flowers.

Take Lincoln from this point of view and you will understand everything he ever said or did.

Noah Brooks, a newspaperman who was Lincoln's friend during the war years, frequently accompanied the President on his rides around Washington. Lincoln liked to get away from his guards and amble quietly through the woods. One afternoon when the two men were alone in a forest on the Virginia side of the Potomac, Lincoln pointed out a tree that was being killed by a vine which covered its trunk. "That's very beautiful," remarked the President, "but it's like certain habits of men. It decorates the ruin it makes."

On another day Brooks found Lincoln alone in these same woods. He was standing on the stump of a tree, the better to view the scenery. He called Brooks' attention to some of the more subtle aspects of the landscape, then he said: "I like trees best when they're not in leaf and you can





Lincoln's eye was caught by the "delicate" outline of a bare tree. In it he read a deeper message.

study their anatomy. Look at the delicate, firm outline of that leafless tree against the skyline. And see," pointing to the network of shadows cast by the branches on the snow, "that's the profile of the tree."

The memory of this silhouette on the snow remained with Lincoln, for the next day, when he was having a discussion with someone about the difference between character and reputation, he said in Brooks' hearing: "Perhaps a man's character is like a tree and his reputation like the shadow it casts. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing."

There are other instances in which Lincoln used his "tree consciousness" to make a point. He always remembered that his father had planted two pear trees on their Rock Spring farm. And he remembered, too, that the trees were the objects of great solicitude on his father's part, for some trees are of delicate habit at times.

In his later years, when Lincoln was trying to make a certain man understand that it is impossible to hasten public opinion, he said: "There was a man who watched his persimmons day after day, impatient for the ripening of the fruit. Some of the fruit he pulled green, thinking it would ripen faster in the sun, but it only rotted. So he learned that to force the process would only spoil the tree and the fruit. He waited

then and the ripe fruit at length fell into his lap."

A California woman went to drive with the Lincolns when she was visiting Washington and wrote to her home paper about the ride. She said she found the family at the Soldiers Home, just outside the city where one of the unpretentious residences was used as the President's summer home.

"The grounds," she wrote, "are

situated on a beautifully wooded hill which you ascend by a winding path shaded on both sides by widespread branches forming an arcade above you. Around grows every variety of tree, especially of the evergreen class. Their branches brushed into the carriage as we passed along and left us with that pleasant, woody smell belonging to the trees. One of the ladies, catching a bit of green from one of these intruding branches, said it was cedar, but another thought it spruce.

"Let me discourse on a theme I understand," said Lincoln. "I know all about trees by right of being a backwoodsman. I'll show you the difference between spruce, pine, and cedar and this shred of green which is neither one nor the other but a sort of illegitimate cypress."

"He then proceeded to gather specimens of each and explain the distinctive forms of foliage belonging to every species. 'Trees,' he said, 'are as deceptive in their likeness to one another as are certain classes of men among whom none but a physiognomist's eye can detect dissimilar moral features until events have developed them. Do you know, it would be a good thing if, among all the schools proposed, we could have a school of events. Trees can be tried and an analysis of their strength obtained with far less expense to life and human interests than man's can be.

READER'S CHOICE

Do you have a favorite article or short story? Send the title, author, source, and date of publication to the Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. If your suggestion is adopted, and you are the first one to "nominate it," we will send you a \$25 check.

This month's Reader's Choice was sent in by Mrs. Irwin C. Young of Philadelphia. It was written by Honore Willsie Morrow (1880-1940), an American historical novelist and Lincoln authority. This article is reprinted from *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine; copyright by the Meredith Publishing Company, 1935, United States and Canada.

The Lad Who Wore

ABE LINCOLN'S HAT

BY CHARLES SUTER



Charlie was on the platform. And there on the railing was the stovepipe, too great a temptation for him to resist.

THINK of Abraham Lincoln and chances are you think of his stovepipe hat. It was always that way for the Rev. Charles Clothier McLean—and with good reason. As a boy, young Charlie McLean wore Lincoln's stovepipe hat on a memorable occasion.

It was on Washington's Birthday, 1861. The lanky Illinois lawyer was on his way to Washington to take the oath of office as President of the United States. He was scheduled to stop off in Philadelphia, the McLeans' home, and raise a flag over Independence Hall. And Charlie's dad, George P. McLean, chairman of the reception committee, had promised his son he could sit on the platform with Lincoln.

To the eager boy, it seemed the big day would never arrive. But it did, finally, and there he was, right on the high, wooden platform. And there, on the railing by his elbow, was Lincoln's tall stovepipe hat.

The temptation was more than Charlie could resist. His hands stole out, he grasped the hat, and quickly put it on his head. It was a bigger bargain than he'd counted on; it slipped down over his face, came to rest on his shoulders. Before he could lift it off, his father poked him in the ribs. "Put back Mr. Lincoln's hat," he whispered sharply. Charlie did as he was told.

When the ceremony was over, the gaunt Midwesterner with the care-lined face walked over to Charlie, took both his small hands in one of his own. Placing his left hand on the boy's head, he looked earnestly down at him and said slowly, "God bless you, Charlie. May you grow up to be a noble good man."

No one knows for sure, but it may have been those words which started young Charlie up the road which carried him to the ministry and membership in the Baltimore Conference of The Methodist Church. As for the preacher himself, his boyhood meeting with Lincoln had an unusual aftermath. Forty years later, as pastor of the Douglass Memorial Methodist Church in Washington, D.C., he was browsing among a book-seller's lantern slides when a dusty old print caught his eye.

There he was as a boy! There on the platform with his father, and Lincoln, and all the others. There, too, was the stovepipe hat, just as it had been when he decided to try it on. Until that visit to the book shop, he had never known that an artist had sketched the scene, that his memory of his first glimpse of Lincoln and his stovepipe hat had been preserved for posterity—and for the Rev. Charles Clothier McLean.

What I say now is a mere whimsey, you know, but when I speak of a school of events, I mean one in which students might pass through mimic vicissitudes and events that would bring out their powers. Thus one could select from the graduates an invincible soldier equal to any position with no such word as fail. A martyr to Right could be selected ready to give up life in the cause, a politician too cunning to be outwitted, and so on. There is no more dangerous or expensive experiment than that which consists in trying a man.

"And then he went on to speak of General McClellan's failure and the consequent awful losses. Yet he could not speak harshly of his beloved soldier. He said, 'Even his failings lean to virtue's side. A keen sense of the genius in another and a reverence for it that forced expression was out of place at Seven Oaks, as beautiful things will sometimes be. He was lost in admiration of General Lee and, filled with that feeling, forebore to conquer him! The quality that would prove noble generosity in a historian does not fit the soldier. Another instance of the necessity of my suggestion being carried into effect,' he added, smiling."

Lincoln loved the woods around the Soldiers Home and used them more and more for a retreat as the war dragged on. But there was one drawback to his enjoyment of them. Until late in the war, the only military cemetery in the District of Columbia was located in the grounds of the home and the proximity to death was very painful to him. By the opening of the year 1864, 8,000 soldiers had been buried there and the limit of space was all but reached.

On May 13 of that year Lincoln made one of his usual visits to the hospital across the Potomac at Arlington. He admired the mighty oaks and elms on this old estate, although it hurt him to see the ever-increasing number of hospital tents which sheltered beneath them. And on this particular day he found something which hurt him even more. Twelve dead soldiers lay in their coffins under the oaks and they had no burial place, for the Soldiers Home graveyard at last was filled.

In his distress Lincoln could say nothing, but General Meigs, who ac-

The Wicked Flea



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

A pastor coming to a new charge got his words twisted in his first announcement. Said he, "I have come here to heal the dead, cast out the sick, and raise the devil."

—MRS. J. W. COVEY, *Cookville, Tex.*

When my son was 4 years old, he could recite the 23rd Psalm with a little prompting. He muffed a line one day, though. I had started him on the verse, "He restoreth," and he continued with confidence, "He restoreth my hair with oil."

—MRS. FRED J. ATKINSON, *Binghamton, N. Y.*

One Sunday morning a father left his small son in the pew while he went forward to partake of the Sacrament. He returned to find the boy gone. As he looked about the church, a small voice cried out, "Here I am, Dad, up at the bar."

—MRS. DELLA BOYD, *Williamsburg, Ky.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury was leaving the UN Assembly after President Eisenhower's speech when he was stopped by a teen-age autograph hound. "Aren't you the man who introduced the President?" asked the boy.

"Yes," the Archbishop answered with a smile, "and I have also introduced a queen."

"You have?" his fan exclaimed. "What was her name?"

—DR. HAROLD A. BOSLEY, *Evanston, Ill.*

When Deacon Spires returned from the city and his first big church meeting, his wife wanted details. "Reckon they did a lot of singing," she ventured.

"They mostly sang anthems."

"Anthems? What are anthems?"

The good man scratched his head. "I can't tell you right out," he answered. "If you was to sing, 'The cows are in the corn,' that wouldn't be an anthem, but if you was to sing, 'The brindle cow, the mooley cow, the widder Johnson's spotted cow, they're standing in the corn,' that would."

—MISS EVELYN KRIEG, *Freeport, Ill.*

What's your favorite church-related chuckle? Send it in. If we share it through this column, we'll send you a \$5 check.—Eds.

accompanied him, made a sudden suggestion. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "what more beautiful spot for their burial could there be than at Arlington?"

It was a perfect idea! Lincoln gave his consent to this use of the park, and just at sunset the burial service was read over the first of the 12 graves. Into it was lowered the body of a Southern prisoner who had died in the hospital.

So America's greatest cemetery was begun.

It is well known that both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln took a great personal interest in the military hospitals.

Lincoln's love of out-of-doors included gardens. One of the comic-pathetic pictures we have of him is stealing through the kitchens of a summer evening to sit among the cabbages wrapped in a homely, lonely sort of peace!

He planted rosebushes on his little lawn in Springfield, and a neighbor of the Lincolns who had been a playmate of Robert Lincoln told me that he well remembered playing in the Lincolns' yard in the spring while the older Lincoln was spading the garden patch.

Mary Lincoln had a passion for flowers and Lincoln was very proud of his wife's ability to "grow anything." She took her delight in gardens to the White House with her, and the conservatory which the bachelor James Buchanan had neglected was opened and the flower beds put in such order as the White House had not seen since the regime of John Quincy Adams.

Adams was a great gardener, and his Washington diary is full of charming references to the growth of the President's gardens. Among numerous other plantings, he records setting out a little grove of black walnut and cork trees. In Lincoln's time this had become a fine bit of forest, and thither he would go when he craved to be alone and the Soldiers Home was too far away. Particularly did he delight in Adams' grove in a snowstorm. Here, with the white curtain lending a most convincing semblance of the silence and remoteness of a forest, he could realize himself again as a backwoodsman and so renew the accuracy of his vision.

There are in existence several fleeting but poignant memories of

Lincoln's consciousness of the fragile and teasing significance of flowers. Joshua Speed, the dearest friend of his young manhood, got married and young Mrs. Speed put a violet in one of her husband's letters to Lincoln.

"The sweet violet you enclosed," wrote Lincoln, "came safely to hand, but it was so dry and mashed flat that it crumbled to dust at the first attempt to handle it. The juice that mashed out of it stained a place on the letter which I mean to preserve and cherish for the sake of her who procured it to be sent."

On one of the train stops during the journey to Gettysburg, where he was to make his immortal speech, a very beautiful little girl was lifted to Lincoln's window. She offered him a bunch of rosebuds.

"Flowerth for the Prethident," she said shyly.

Lincoln leaned out of the window and kissed her as he took the flowers.

"You're a sweet rosebud yourself," he told her. "I hope your life will open out into perpetual beauty and goodness."

One of the most vivid pictures I carry in my mind of Lincoln associates him even more intimately with flowers than do these slight incidents. On the morning of the twenty-fifth of April, 1863, the Secretary of War asked the President to review the troops which were going down the Rappahannock from Annapolis. Until noon Lincoln stood on the steps of the Willard Hotel, bareheaded while the troops marched by. All the woods around Washington were white with dogwood blossoms, and a great many of the men wore some of the fragile blooms in their tunics and caps. One of them cast his sprays at the President's feet. Others followed suit, and by the end of the review Lincoln stood knee deep in flowers which he could not see for the tears which filled his eyes.

I like to think of this as the perfect tribute to this backwoodsman with the gigantic soul: flowers from forest trees laid at his feet by the men who loved him as truly as he loved them. And I like to believe that now Nature has made him her own again and that he is a portion of the strength and loveliness of the primeval world which his great soul, during all too short a time, embodied for us.

"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.



Teens Together

WITH AN EX-TEEN-AGER

Q *LAST YEAR, as a high-school freshman, I wanted to join a secret club. My parents asked me not to, so I didn't. This year they let me join. Unfortunately, something I did in the initiation was written up in the newspaper. Now my parents say I must resign. I tell them I took an oath to be true to the club all my life. They say the oath was silly. Do you see any way for my parents and me to compromise?*
—L.A.

A YES, THERE may be a way. Almost all girls join clubs. However, most are supervised by adults. Secret clubs are risky. Many cause trouble. A foolish initiation is only one of the mistakes secret clubs make.

I suggest that you ask your parents about arranging to have members' mothers sponsor your club. Have at least one of them come to all meetings, parties, and other affairs. Your mothers can give you the guidance you need. If adult sponsorship can't be arranged, disband.

Q *I AM a normal girl of 16; at least, I think I'm normal. I am an only child. My mother wants me to wear "sensible" clothes, meaning old-fashioned. My father asks me not to use make-up. They both objected when I went to see Elvis Presley. I found I couldn't stand him, either. My mother especially seems to hate to see me grow up. At times my father says I might as well be like my friends. Then he will reverse himself and treat me like a child. We've argued a lot. Can you help us?*—G.P.

A MANY PARENTS hate to see their children grow up. They love them and want to protect them. Experience

has shown that in most homes good girls should be allowed to dress the way their friends dress; not too extremely, not too conservatively. The same goes for make-up and hairdo. When dating becomes customary, they should be permitted to have dates. They should have about the same allowance their friends receive.

Do you run with a good crowd? Attend decent parties and dances? Date nice boys? Then I suggest that your parents try giving you about the same freedoms your friends have. It's up to you to justify the confidence they'll be showing in you.

Q *HOW CAN a boy be popular with girls? I never have any trouble getting the first dates. But girls won't go out with me again. They say I'm not bad looking, but treat me as though I were a monster from the deep. What do you suggest?*—S.L.

A SEVERAL HUNDRED girls in a large Midwestern city listed the things they liked in the boys they dated. Their answers will give you rules to follow. The girls said they were glad to have dates with boys who:

(1) Asked for the dates far enough ahead so they could make plans. (2) Dressed neatly and were clean. (3) Talked about things in which girls are interested—not always about themselves. (4) Danced reasonably well. (5) Were polite. (6) Didn't get too fresh. (7) Were willing to spend a little money.

Q *I AM a girl, 15. My father died when I was 7. I have a sister who is 12. Our mother married again six*

months ago. The man she married criticizes the way we talk, walk, eat, and laugh. He will not sit down at the table with us. He won't go to Sunday school or church. We had a terrible time when he learned we were praying about him. We were asking God to help us do the things which would make him like us. Mother loves him, but says she will leave him if we ask her. What shall we do?—J.B.

A LET ME congratulate you on the intelligent, Christian way you are facing your family problem. Could you girls go with your mother to your minister for counseling? Many stepfathers misunderstand their new children. Perhaps your minister will ask you to arrange for case-work counseling at your nearest Family Service Association office. The best thing would be for your stepfather to go with your mother for counseling. Have your mother ask him.

If he can't change, try to stay away from him. Avoid situations which will cause trouble. Be as pleasant as possible to him. Perhaps you can find some workable compromises in your home. Try to be more mature, gracious and understanding than your stepfather. I think you can do it.

Q *AT 13, I am a new girl in our school. I do not approve of my fellow students. I think young people today are awful. The girls dye their hair and use lipstick. Some smoke. The boys are worse. Weren't students better when my mother was 13? Is there any way I can get along with my fellow students without lowering my standards?*—M.A.

A WE HAVE always had good and bad teen-agers. Humans do not change much from generation to generation.

A Prayer

to make your own

Robert
Lewis
Stevenson
1850-1894



We beseech thee, Lord,
to behold us with favor . . .
weak men and women subsisting
under the covert of thy patience.
Be patient still;
suffer us yet awhile longer;
with our broken purposes of good,
with our idle endeavors
against evil,
suffer us awhile longer
to endure and (if it may be)
help us to do better.

Bless to us
our extraordinary mercies;
if the day come when these must
be taken, brace us to play the man
under affliction.

Be with our friends,
be with ourselves.
Go with each of us to rest;
if any awake, temper to them the
dark hours of watching; and
when the day returns,
return to us,
our Sun and Comforter,
and call us up with morning faces
and with morning hearts—
eager to labor—
eager to be happy, if happiness
shall be our portion—and if the
day be marked for sorrow,
strong to endure it . . .
Amen.

eration. You can find ways to get along with your classmates without lowering your standards. Talk with your school counselor about it. Are you good in girls' athletics? Students respect someone who can play games well. Are you interested in journalism? See if you can get on the school paper. Are there clubs you would enjoy? Attend the meetings. Try to be a little less critical and a bit friendlier. You'll be happier.

Q ALL MY life I've had slight hazy spells. I don't fall down, but I lose consciousness. The spells only last a second. Most teachers don't notice them. However, my physical education teacher does. She tells me I may have a form of epilepsy. That scares me! What should I do?—F.J.

A ASK YOUR parents to make an appointment for you with a medical doctor who specializes in neurology. If you have epilepsy, it should show up when the doctor makes a painless graph of the electrical impulses which course through your brain. If you find you have epilepsy, remember that thousands of others have it, too. Most of them prevent seizures by taking medicine. They live normal lives, marry, have healthy children.

Q THIS YEAR I'm a high-school freshman. Most of the teachers are in their 50s or 60s. I'm used to younger teachers. Those I'm with this year pick on kids. I used to get grades of A. Now I'm getting C. I never went to a school where there was so much disorder. Is it true that older high-school teachers have more trouble with discipline than younger ones?—J.V.

A THERE HAVE been studies of high-school discipline. Two groups of teachers have been found to have trouble controlling their classes. The youngest, in their first or second year of teaching, and the oldest, close to retirement. Perhaps your observations are correct. My sympathy is with both the students and the teachers. Each year it gets harder for the elderly teachers to face their classes. Each day is a struggle. They need your help. Try to avoid causing trouble in your classes.

Q I AM a boy of 17. I stutter. Most of my friends ignore my defect. Oc-

asionally someone teases me. Last night at a party a girl played a recording of that You-You-You-You Tell Her song and dedicated it to me. I went home. I felt as if I wanted to die. What can I do?—E.B.

A IT IS TOO BAD the elementary school you attended did not have a speech-correction teacher. Your best bet would be to locate a teacher now. Then take private lessons. I suggest you write to your school superintendent. Ask him to give you the name and address of a qualified speech-correction teacher. Most stutterers can overcome their trouble with proper training.

Q I AM SLENDER, tall and rather keyed up. I'm a freshman in college, have dates every weekend. My problem is my diet. I eat small breakfasts and almost no lunch. Even at dinner I'm not hungry. My folks always plagued me about it. Why does everyone try to force me to eat?—L.N.

A BECAUSE they love you and want to keep you well. Many slender, busy girls your age are undernourished. They lower their resistance to disease, weaken themselves unnecessarily. I don't suggest that you should become a heavy eater and get fat. Probably by nature you are a light eater. But listen to your doctor.

Q I AM IN the seventh grade. I belong to a discussion group in church. One of the books we use is Facts of Life and Love for Teen-Agers. When my uncle saw the book he said it was unfit for children. The discussion leader says it is a good book. Are you acquainted with it?—H.H.

A I KNOW the book. It was published by the Association Press. I believe it should be used by the eleventh or twelfth graders, not by seventh graders. For older young folk, it is helpful. There has been some controversy over it. It is published now in paper-bound form, on sale at many newsstands.

NOTE TO TEEN-AGERS: You are invited to write Dr. Barbour. He is head of the counseling department of the San Diego public school system and is an authority on problems of youth. Address Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o Together, 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

**Walker Gallery
Religious Art**
UP-STAIRS
Week days call at Church Office

A sign in the church vestibule invites parishioners and visitors.

Hennepin's main spire rises above the ground Mr. Walker bought for a homesite, then donated to his church.



Mrs. Forshee, wife of an associate pastor, and daughter Jean study "Adoration of the Shepherds," a 17th-century work by Furini.

Art Gallery in a Church

A "PLACE TO SEE" in Minneapolis is the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church—not only because of the beauty of its soaring gothic lines, but because it houses an art gallery that's more than an art gallery. In rooms and corridors lined with priceless canvases, children attend church school, choirs practice, women's societies meet, couples are married, and babies are christened.

The Walker Gallery of Religious Art is a gift of the late Thomas B. Walker, Methodist layman who prospered from Minnesota's pineries. Almost 300 oils and engravings from European and American masters are in the collection.

Pastor at Hennepin is the Rev. Chester A. Pennington, filling a pulpit that has been graced by a long line of distinguished ministers, including Bishop Richard C. Raines, of Indianapolis, and Dwight E. Loder, president of Garrett Biblical Institute.

"We at Hennepin Avenue are fortunate in having such a generous share of the great tradition of Christian art," says Pastor Pennington. "But churches less favored by benefactions can partake of it too through reproductions of original work of contemporary artists. Church-school and parish-house rooms need not be drab."



"Rebekah at the Well," by Swiss Painter Kauffman, always interests visitors.



"THE ART ROOM, as we call it, is requested for many different church meetings," reports Associate Pastor J. Carlton Forshee. "The paintings give our people a feeling of closeness to the ongoing stream of Christian thought."

Visitors share that feeling. "I never realized how much paintings can add to a church," declared one West Coast Methodist layman after touring the gallery. "I'm going to see about getting some pictures on our church back home."

Now and then out-of-towners comment that modern religious paintings are absent. But most feel the "old masters" come closer to the spirit of true Christianity.

"Abraham and the Three Angels," by the Dutch painter, Martin Van Heemskerck (left), was done about 1532, after visiting Michelangelo in Rome. (Below) is "The Erring Woman," by the Italian Guercino. Renaissance art dominates the Walker gallery.



WSCS members meet often in the gallery. Here the Dorcas Circle installs new officers.





Church-school classes are finished . . . and the first graders assemble in the main gallery for a song and closing prayer.

EVERY SUNDAY the gallery becomes a church school. "The children just 'accept' works of art as a normal expression of religion," comments one instructor.

"But they have special meaning to me. It almost seems as if I'm working under the eyes of the Great Teacher."

The church-school sessions close with about 100 first graders massed in the center of the art room. The strains of *Jesus Loves Me* die away and the children hurry outside to meet their parents. Folding chairs are stacked beneath the masterpieces, and crude paper cutouts are taken from the sliding bulletin boards. The church school becomes a quiet art gallery again.



Oblivious to the treasure at his elbow, a second grader wielding a crayon creates his own masterpiece.

Mrs. Roger Benson, 10 years a teacher, leads a church-school class beneath "Rebekah at the Well."





The sanctuary choir rehearses in the gallery against a setting of masterpieces dating from the 14th century. Wedding receptions and meetings are held here during the week.

Paintings don't interfere with rehearsals of the church theatrical group. "We like the atmosphere they create," says Carolyn Joyce, the Hennepin drama coach.



The Christmas story is re-enacted with a priceless painting as backdrop. It's "Christ Raising Jairus' Daughter," by Benjamin West, the American-born artist who became a court favorite of England's King George III. West painted it at the British monarch's own request.





Pastor Pennington shows three Methodists from India "Christ Before Pilate," painted by the Italian, Antonio Ciseri.

CISERI'S 11x17-foot painting is the largest owned by the church. An art critic has commented: "There is a hidden fascination in this picture. We are permitted to stand immediately behind Jesus on the broad portico of the Judgment Hall and see the surging mob just as he saw them. Thus we find ourselves spectators of indeed the greatest drama of the ages."

Save the Pieces

By Ron Broom

FRED ROBERTS—the Rev. Frederick W. Roberts—finished his second cup of tea and arose with the air of a man about to walk the plank.

"I am deathly ill," he said to his wife. "Deathly. And my feet hurt, too. I am obviously in no condition to attend this evening's congregation meeting—or any other kind of fight."

"You are the picture of health," Martha said without a trace of sympathy in her big and beautiful brown eyes.

"Bad hangnail condition, tennis elbow—"

"A strong, handsome, well-conditioned young pastor, in perfect trim for the battle."

"Look, sweetheart, I'm not in the battle. It is my job as minister to be a cohesive force in this situation. It should be my duty to be sort of a moderator, to keep things from going completely haywire while they decide whether to build a new church. Thus, you see, I am a neutral, caught in the nutcracker."

"You are neutral," Martha said

Would a wrecking crew, razing old Second Church for a service station, also tear asunder the young pastor's congregation?



firmly, "in favor of building."

"Well—all right, if you insist on honesty. But it's still my job to stand in the middle and see that this thing doesn't split wide open. With both factions so fired up, the thing could explode." Martha nodded. "All that is expected of you," she said encouragingly, "is the tact of a great diplomat and the wisdom of a supreme-court judge. Come along, old worn and weary. Let's get down there. I'll sit away back and I promise not to say a word."

When they reached the church, the streets were lined with parked cars, as usual, and they cruised for six or eight minutes before they finally found a space, several blocks away. (That was one of the arguments in favor of a new church outside the downtown area.)

They studied the old church on the opposite corner while they waited for the light to change and let them across the seething one-way arterial. It was big, the largest downtown church in the city. It was built of great gray stones stained dark with the years. In the gathering dusk there was an air about it of absolute permanence, and Fred could understand why the thought of its being dismantled to make way for a super-service station hung so heavy on those older members who were determined never to let such a thing happen.

THE DARK OAK pews of the broad, semi-circular sanctuary were almost full when Fred and Martha came in. This would be the critical meeting, and there might even be a final vote tonight. And when he stepped up to the blue-carpeted platform and strode across to the pulpit at the center, he saw that the breach had widened another notch. For now the factions were quite clearly separated. The old-church group was down to his left as he faced them, and the younger group—with many progressive oldsters too—in the section to his right.

Fred held up his hand and bowed his head, and the congregation bowed with him. As he started to speak, a thundering truck boomed past along Fulton Avenue, blotting out his opening words. (That was

another of the arguments for a new church.)

He began again. "We ask thee, O Lord, to help us approach our problem this evening, our moment of decision, in thy spirit, in the spirit of tolerance, of brotherhood. . . ."

As he spoke his "Amen," Harold Woodward, the gray-haired, rugged leader of the old-church group, leaped to his feet and shouted for the floor. Wincing at the impact of the opening thrust, Fred motioned

Announcement

A baby came to our house,
A tiny little dame,
Her hair and teeth are missing,
But we'll keep her just the same.

—Ruth K. Kent

for him to wait. He explained that it was logical first to hear a brief résumé of the new-church plans, together with additional information gathered since the last meeting.

Mr. Woodward sat back, scowling and grumbling. Young Bob Curtwright came forward to stand at the microphone and make his presentation. Rapidly he touched on the critical lack of good Sunday-school facilities, on inevitably declining membership, on the impracticability of remodeling the old structure, on the impossibilities of the traffic situation and the way it would grow still worse as Fulton Avenue became part of the expanded through-way system. And he painted a glowing picture of the beautiful new church that could come into being.

"Financially, the prospect is extremely bright. Our offer for this property is \$165,000. We have a \$15,000 site donated—just five minutes from here out Northern Boulevard. And we have no less than \$200,000—specified for new-church construction—pledged by one of our members. We would need to raise just \$135,000 to build a half-million-dollar modern edifice, with the finest of facilities, abundant off-street park-

ing, and every other necessary feature of a great and progressive church.

"Against this, it would cost \$250,000 to remodel here—not a penny of which we would have to start with—and when the work was finished, if it ever was, we still would have an old church."

The new-church faction applauded. The old-churchers snorted and muttered in discontented counterpoint. Then Harold Woodward got to his feet and, without deigning to seek recognition, stalked down the wide center aisle to the microphone.

"Brothers," he growled, "and I include all of you, brothers and sisters"—a freight truck pounded by, but he raised his voice and ignored the challenge—"because this is a time when our brotherhood runs far deeper than mere dollars and cents as rattled off by a young whippersnapper whose membership here, as compared to those of us who have been the backbone of old Second for decades, is practically nothing—"

Fred interrupted him. "If you please, Mr. Woodward, may I suggest moderation and good fellowship in our discussion—"

"Now look here, Reverend Roberts, I've got the floor and I'm going to talk, and you're not going to shut me up, no matter whose side you're on."

"I don't want to shut you up. I simply suggest that we avoid name-calling."

"Some people," Mr. Woodward yelled, "deserve to be called names, when they start scheming to rip grand old Second Church right out from under us."

He swung into a spree of old-fashioned oratory, with his faction of adamant oldsters nodding at every crescendo.

"What is wrong with this grand sanctuary—roomy, well-lighted, filled with the reverence of the generations? This is home."

"And furthermore," he stated in a rousing finale, "this isn't our church to monkey around with anyhow. This is God's church. We've got no right to sell it out and let them rip her down for a gasoline station."

The old guard applauded in stern and sober approval. There were scattered ams. On the right, there were headshakes and smiles, and there was

a bit of mild applause to indicate a certain grudging admiration for Harold Woodward's unshakable stubbornness.

The debate swung into full sway. "Staying here made no practical sense. . . . Moving away made less sense. . . . An old building—even God's building—eventually outlives its usefulness. . . . A new building, full of shiny gadgets and modern flavor, would have none of old Second's warm feeling of hallowedness. . . . We love old Second with all our heart and soul. . . . We could love a new Second just as deeply. . . . We couldn't either."

Fred sat with his head bowed, his hands over his face. He was searching the soul of young Reverend Fred Roberts, and perhaps that was a form of prayer.

What had he learned in his study of theology that would make him big enough to handle this kind of task? Where did the instruction lie that would let him rise to this greatest challenge of his ministry?

And then, somewhere out of the harsh babble of the debate, he plucked a vagrant seed . . . just a notion. But before he could explore it, Harold Woodward leaped suddenly out of his pew and clapped his hat on top of his gray head—the first time Fred could remember ever having seen a hat worn inside the sanctuary by a man.

"Come on!" Mr. Woodward shouted, beckoning to those close around him. "Let's get out of here! We don't belong. We're just nobody. That's the way they act. Well—we aren't a-going to take it!"

A dozen or more arose and started to follow as he stalked up the aisle.

"Wait, if you please!" Fred pleaded. Mr. Woodward's army marched on, apparently bound on leaving old Second for good and all. "Wait, Mr. Woodward!"

Fred's voice carried, and Mr. Woodward turned to glare at him. Only then did the angered old gentleman realize that his hat was contributing very little to the hallowed atmosphere of old Second.

"Please stay a few moments," Fred urged. "I ask it as your pastor. I have a telephone call to make, and it may help solve this problem."

He rushed down the steps and out

to his study. He called the manager of the company that sought this property so eagerly.

"Mr. Blair," Fred said, "it is absolutely vital for me to review some of the details of the deal you have proposed to our board, and I'm in a rush. I understand, by the way, that you're in a rush too."

"We certainly are. But we have agreed—reluctantly, I needn't add—that you would retain possession until you could occupy the new church."

"And when we did move, you would take over everything here except certain equipment."

"That's right. The organ, and some other items definitely specified."

"How about the exterior stone?" Mr. Blair hesitated, warily. "It's valuable as salvage. It's worth a lot of money at today's prices."

"All right. Now, suppose we could rent an auditorium for temporary use, and let you in here months earlier than otherwise? Could we have the stone?"

Again Mr. Blair was silent, for what seemed like minutes. Finally he answered: "If it meant a deal, yes. We would even have the stone cleaned off and hauled. That's how eager we are."

"Thank you. That's all I wanted to know."

FRED HURRIED back out to the pulpit, to find that the younger group was talking it over: "If the old stick-in-the-muds want to stay here and go to seed, let 'em. *We'll* walk out."

And the oldsters: "If Fred Roberts and the district superintendent and the rest are going to let these young upstarts boss the show, we'll get out and we'll stay out. For good and all."

"Mr. Woodward," Fred said solemnly, "I'd like to put a question to you—to all of you who love this church too much to give it up. First of all, I know you will agree—you must agree—that the spirit of Second would go wherever its people went. Understand, I'm saying the spirit."

Cautiously Mr. Woodward arose. Fred crossed his fingers behind the pulpit.

"Well, now," Mr. Woodward replied, "that's conceivable. That's possible." He breathed deeply, and glanced around for moral support.

"Spirit then," Fred goaded, "is indeed the essence of the church?"

Slowly Mr. Woodward shook his head, and he raised his voice again. "Now let's put it this way," he challenged. "Spirit isn't everything—not with us. No sir. We love old Second right down to the last inch of her. We love the sinews old Second is made of."

"Good," Fred answered. "So do I. So do we all."

Next he looked to the right. "And now, Mr. Curtwright, let me ask you a question. Suppose we should build. Is there any real reason why the grand old stones of our present walls could not somehow be used in the new church?"

Bob Curtwright looked around at his committee members. They seemed startled by the possibility, as simple an idea as it was. There was some hasty whispering, and some head-nodding. . . . Stone was stone, and imperishable, and these great gray stones—

All at once the young spokesman smiled. "I might be taking some enormous liberties with our architect's ideas. I'm sorry he couldn't be here this evening to answer the question. And I might be overstepping my own authority here. But I have a feeling that every one of us would be delighted to move a cherished part of this church to the new one. You must understand"—he glanced in Mr. Woodward's direction—"that we love our church too."

"Mr. Woodward," Fred said, "will you people give this point some earnest thought? Will you try to visualize a new church in which these mighty stones somehow will carry a part of the load? Just as you, the proven pillars of old Second, have carried a great share of our load for so long? And later I'd like to call for a vote."

"Well, now," said Mr. Woodward stoutly, and he stopped there.

A willing new hum of discussion rose around him, and now it had a different timbre. The sensitive ear of a pastor, even a fresh young pastor, could detect every nuance of tone in such a gathering. Fred bowed his head for a moment. When he looked up again, that dividing line in front of him, the center aisle, somehow looked pleasantly narrower.



HOW DO MINISTERS

Fees Are Like Tips: Should Be Unnecessary

SAYS Rev. Lester Sprenger
of Maywood, Ill.



I FEEL somewhat the same about fees as I feel about tips and discounts: I wish we could do away with them. All who rely on tips for a livable income should be paid a decent wage, and the cost added to patrons' bills.

Why, too, should any group be favored by receiving discounts? It is usually those who have plenty of money or rate preference who get discounts, not the common workmen. Of course, there are firms that give discounts to everybody, but why have discounts at all?

A minister should be paid a decent salary and render all expected services without being tipped—which is what a fee amounts to. Most fees come from weddings and funerals, services ministers are expected to render in line of duty—indeed, they are the privileged functions of the church. I believe these services should be given free to the supporting members of one's church.

Those who claim membership but

do not support the church should pay a rental for the sanctuary which includes the services of minister and organist. Those who are not members should pay for the privilege of being married in the church.

I have indicated that what goes for the minister goes for the organist. The organist should be paid a salary sufficient to cover all extras in the church, most of which are weddings and funerals.

Soloists and reception services, of course, are special cases, calling for separate settlements.

The cost of a minister's services to inactive members or non-members for weddings and funerals should be paid, not to the minister but to the church, to reimburse it for the time consumed by the pastor.

Add up the money people spend on weddings and funerals—the cost of flowers, clothing, caskets, food and drink, and all the other money paid to non-church organizations. Compare this to the insignificant amount they pay minister and church for the services that are the heart of the matter. When I think of these things, I feel it is time for the non-church and inactive members to stop their sponging on the church.

All these considerations hinge on paying the preacher a good salary. In one sense, fees replace the food and clothing that used to be given in lieu of a decent salary.

There is, however, a real place for doing those lovely, extra things above the call of duty. One would not want to discourage such practices. Thoughtful, appreciative gifts always are in order, and a grateful note or a warm-hearted word is priceless.

We who preach a God who has no pets and desires to give himself equally to all his children should do all we can to remove from society the special-favor practices—including fees and discounts.

Our world needs the gospel of responsible and impartial togetherness, such as the first Christians experienced. Of them, the Scripture says, "(They) were together and had all things in common." (Acts 2:44)

Three Rules for Pastors

FROM Rev. Truman W. Potter
of Charleston, W. Va.



AN increasing problem to the sensitive minister is money given for services relating to funerals, weddings, and Baptisms.

The idea probably started in the days of food poundings, missionary barrels, and store discounts which helped to compensate for the minister's inadequate salary. Today, fees are increasingly in evidence.

The only reason for discussing the matter is what fees do to the minister. There are a few unwritten rules that need revision.

Rule 1: It is usually acceptable to take a wedding fee, but not for a funeral, certainly not from one's members.

Why should we expect a young couple just starting out to give a fee while most funerals are from among older, more established people? Most funeral fees represent family or group giving, not the giving of one groom.

Rule 2: Non-members may give fees, but not members of one's church. Services for members are expected to be free. People give for two reasons: financial abundance, and a spirit of love and appreciation for the service. Should we accept or reject the fee, then, on the basis of the spirit of the giver, or on whether the donor is a member?

FEEL ABOUT FEES?

Rule 3: Many people feel that we should use fees for charity, books, or in some similar way.

All of us have traveled miles to make hospital calls during a long illness, and in the end have seen the doctor receive hundreds of dollars for his services and even nurses \$15 for each eight-hour shift. At the funeral, the organist, soloist, and sometimes the janitor receive \$5 to \$10.

Later the minister may receive \$10, only to feel obligated to return it to someone. I feel that many a layman gets psychological salve from the fees he offers for "extra services."

Such situations sometimes lead to "milking" for fees. One minister boasted that he had a stand-in with the undertaker for all "non-church-related" burials. Sometimes "milking" may be done by special attention when the service is conducted.

We all want our relationships with people to be above the mercenary level. Could we serve as well and willingly if fees were eliminated entirely? Or with inflation and many inadequate salaries, are the fees to remain?

For most of us, the question of fees offers temptation. On the staff of my church each minister shares equally in all fees received. However, each individual decides how and when he accepts fees for services he renders.

Do Accept the Funeral Gift

AYS Rev. Clarence F. Avey of Athol, Mass.



PERSONALLY, throughout my 28 years of parish ministry, I have had no scruples about accepting money tendered for conducting a memorial service at the time of death.

Several types call upon a minister for his services at a funeral. One is the loyal church member, whose life has been so much in the spirit of Christian living that the memorial is a fitting climax to a good life. Others, while church members, are so far out on the fringe that the words scarcely apply. Still others are wholly outside the circle of Christian fellowship.

In whatever case, the people concerned are anxious to make some recognition of the church through the man who has represented it in this solemn function. The gift is no attempt to pay the minister, but rather a visible recognition of gratitude for a valued service.

This fee, if we may call it such, is not a "charge," nor indeed is any sum expected. Where poverty or financial hardship are involved, I return the fee with a personal expression of sympathy. Custom has determined this matter of presenting the minister a gift. It would seem in most instances to be more embarrassing to refuse than to accept.

If one refuses the funeral gift, I feel he should never take any honorarium for any service. When the minister appears as a man of God, representing the church in any public service or function, he acts in his capacity as an ordained clergyman, with all the meaning and distinction that the office implies. What he does on all these occasions has a sacramental significance. If he is to make an exception in one area, why not in all?

The funeral service is, of course, a unique ministry. Every minister looks upon it as his most exacting and helpful act of the pastoral office. Here, if ever, he acts as God's representative among the people.

The idea of receiving money is foreign to the spirit of our calling. However, custom determines some things, and in this instance it would

create more difficulties and misunderstandings to refuse than to receive the gift. If it were possible to obtain common action, the custom might be changed. I feel, however, that no compromise is made with the essential spirit of our ministry if the minister accepts the courtesy gift.

If the minister desires to dedicate this money to some hallowed purpose, that is within his province. This may be a way of solving the problem for pastors whose consciences trouble them about receiving such money.

Fees Should Be Taboo for Funeral Services

DECLARES Rev. Paul Worley of Emory University, Ga.



ORDINARILY "NO," although there may be rare exceptions. This would seem to be the best answer for a preacher who serves a pastoral charge. As a shepherd of the flock, he seeks to express God's love for his people. A preacher's aim is to reflect the compassionate care which Christ displayed toward sorrow among his parishioners. To accept a fee for such care at the time of death would tend toward a professionalized priesthood meting out commercialized comfort to the bereaved. As parish ministers, we usually are provided with housing and an adequate income without having to depend on fees.

An encounter with death is one of



SWEEPING STATEMENTS

by SAM the Sexton

Behind every argument there's somebody's ignorance.

Some folks argue religion like they had some.

You can't get ahead without one on your shoulders.

The best way to do away with criminals is to stop raising them.

While it takes a magician to get a rabbit out of a hat, any fool can let the cat out of the bag.

Women had fewer rights in the old days . . . and they killed fewer husbands.

Some folks are now paying their installments on the installment plan.

A lot of folks are willing to take the world as it is . . . if they can have it all.

Too many folks are broadcasting who should be tuning in.

Some folks are like fences . . . they run around a lot without getting anywhere.

Folks who keep up with the neighbors generally get behind with their creditors.

The trouble with taxes is that you've got to pay them.

The trouble with the average man is he seldom increases his average.

If all nations were square enough to make the United Nations work, they could get along without it.

Hard work never killed a man, but it sure has scared a lot of them lately.

There are several good ways to guarantee failure. Never taking a chance is one of the most successful.

It is sad to see so many young fellows wasting their money and not be able to help them.

Minding the other fellow's business is a sure cure for popularity.

life's most moving experiences. The pastor has the privilege of sharing these crucial hours in a spirit of understanding and sympathy. His sensitive and reassuring presence, his calm and helpful counsel, his confidence as spokesman and servant of God transcend payment of a fee.

Our culture is saturated with the price-tag philosophy that money can buy anything. Even death has been so commercialized that one can hardly afford to die. Now and again, pastor and people need to share in something that is without price. The preacher's depth of feeling in ministering to trembling hearts may become priceless. Such a ministry may open doors of heaven to experiences of God that will be treasured forever. Ministering to non-members in such a spirit may provide an entree for God and his Church into hitherto-indifferent hearts.

Since acceptance of a fee may jeopardize such an experience, the wise pastor will discourage its slightest intimation.

We should flee from every impression of fee grabbing. For whether it is a motorcycle cop, a lawyer, or a preacher, fee grabbing is degrading. (Older editions of the Methodist Ritual included under "Baptism" the statement, "We will make no charge for administering the Sacrament of Baptism," and under "The Burial of the Dead," "We will make no charge for burying the dead." These have been omitted from later editions. —Eds.)

On the other hand, flexibility must characterize the pastoral ministry. There may be rare exceptions to the rule. Sometimes tender feelings of appreciation break forth into expression that denies rejection—an irresistible token of a grateful heart.

There may be cases which are above and beyond the normal parish responsibility, rare situations involving long trips with overnight stops or distant plane flights. In such cases, if a check toward extra expenses is forthcoming, one may feel justified in accepting it. However, within the parish when payment is extended, a kind refusal will enhance the effectiveness of one's ministry and extend the realm of one's usefulness.

William A. Keese
Baltimore, Maryland



William Henry Hobbs
Tucson, Arizona



Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

For I tell you, unless your righteousness exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.—Matthew 5:20



HERE is a world of difference between a decorated Christmas tree and an apple tree bending down with its luscious fruit. Or between a feminine face artfully made up with cosmetics and a face with the healthy glow of youth and vitality.

The Pharisees were good people. They were orthodox, patriotic, scrupulous in the observance of the law. But their religion was more of a load than a lift. Nor was there much zest or joy in it.

Their tribe is not extinct. Some defenders of the faith show little Christian humility or love. One parishioner would not read the Sunday paper, nor would she pay her maid a decent wage! Another stood up in meeting to call for the "simple gospel," and afterward did not hesitate to gossip.

The true disciples of Jesus go far beyond such negative morality. Their goodness is not something artificially attached like ornaments on a tree; it is the fruit of their inner life. They have found the well of water that springeth up into everlasting life.

PRAYER: Grant us new life within, O Lord, that men may see in us the wholesome fruit of the Spirit. Amen.
—WILLIAM A. KEESE

And behold, they brought to him a paralytic, lying on his bed; and when Jesus saw their faith, he said to the paralytic, "Take heart, my son; your sins are forgiven."—Matt. 9:2



BELIEVE that the healing power of God can come to men through the faith of their friends.

I have seen the weight of the guilt of sin paralyze the physical body of a woman until she was powerless to move without someone carrying her.

I have seen the love and compassion of such friends for this woman as is told of here in Matthew.

I have stood at her bedside in the midst of these friends, and I have seen the power of God through Jesus Christ release that woman.

I have baptized her, accepted her into membership in the Church, and watched her witness with her life to the healing power of God's forgiveness.

I believe that the healing power of God can come to men through the faith of their friends.

PRAYER: Our compassionate Father, purge our hearts of the hatred, the fears, the bitterness that cut off thy healing power to men of little faith. Amen.

—WILLIAM HENRY HOBBS

Then he said to his disciples, "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into his harvest."—Matthew 9:37, 38



WILBUR WRIGHT, co-inventor of the airplane, once wrote to his sister from France, saying, "This morning I went down to the cathedral at the ten o'clock service. The only part of the service I could really understand and participate in was the collection."

Most of us understand when it comes to the collection, the gathering-in, the harvest; and when it is a big one, we not only understand but rejoice.

Jesus was thinking of the harvest of souls when he looked across the plains that day with their white fields. He saw several things clearly:

First, that men are ready and eager to respond to God's loving purpose.

Second, that the multitudes of the world can be won to his way, provided there are enough reapers.

Third, that in the harvest of souls prayer is a cru-

John W. McKelvey
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania



Paul A. Duffey
Montgomery, Alabama



Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions



Harris Franklin Rall

Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.



What is a saint?

The word "saint," as we use it and as used in the New Testament, has two meanings: one who belongs, or one who is made over.

The first meaning is not common, but the word was often used this way by New Testament writers. From Rome, Paul wrote the Philippians: "All the saints greet you, especially those of Caesar's household." He also wrote to "the saints at Colossae."

The Germans translate "saints" as "holy ones." "Holy" has the same double meaning. It usually means

"righteous in character and judgment" or "godly." It also means "that which belongs to God" or is "dedicated to God." In this sense every true Christian is a saint.

Actually, we have come to use the word almost exclusively in the second sense: a saint is one who is made over in the spirit of Christ.

Can we think, then, of the rank and file of Christians as saints? Yes. So far as they are really Christians, followers of Christ, children of God, they are saints. To put it more exactly, they are saints in the making.



Do Methodists have saints?

Yes, of course. The Roman Catholic Church has an elaborate procedure of creating a "saint" in the special significance of the word it uses. But Methodists and most Protestants prefer the word in original scriptural usage. People who truly are Christians are saints. They are not a special group, formally designated as such (or canonized), with a special day assigned to each for observance by our church.

A saint, by our definition, may be very humble, known only to a few. In my boyhood days I knew such a person. He was a pastor, supporting a large family on a meager salary of

a frontier preacher. He loved his people and served them, preaching the Gospel faithfully and with his wife making a real Christian home. Both he and his wife were saints, in the Methodist tradition.

I have known many saints, as a matter of fact. So have you.

Some were in humble walks of life; some were prominent.

More than all this, the saints of Christian history are ours. For we are not primarily a Methodist church, but a *Christian* church. There is no real reason why we should not call a Methodist church St. Paul's or St. John's or St. Peter's.



How do people become saints?

Certainly not by a single act on the part of the person, or by some single experience of God's transforming power. Of course, there are notable single experiences.

But what is basic here is simple and concerns us all. It is belonging and being made over.

A Christian—a saint—is one who belongs. He gives himself day by

day in faith and fellowship, in love and service. That is the way by which God makes us over into true children . . . into saints.

A QUESTION FOR DR. RALL?

Would you like to direct a query on Methodist theology or practice to Professor Harris Franklin Rall? Address him in care of TOGETHER.

cial factor—not a substitute for hard work but a necessary force in bringing in the fruits of the kingdom.

Fourth, that the world needs laborers to cultivate and harvest the priceless values of the soul.

Such laborers are more than ordinary toilers; they are "laborers together with God"!

PRAYER: Gracious Savior, we desire nothing so much as to draw near to thee and to spend and be spent for thy sake. Reveal to our hearts the power of thy gospel and show us the way to achieve blessing and lead others to victory. Teach us to deny ourselves, to give ourselves, in seeking to labor in thy vineyard. Amen.

—JOHN W. McKELVEY

Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls.—Matthew 11:28, 29



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once expressed his intention of founding his own church, to be called "The Society of the Free and Easy." Such desire expresses man's temptation to seek peace through inactivity. Such peace is a delusion. Our deeper experience teaches us that neither self-indulgence nor inactivity can provide real peace.

Most of us are weary and heavy-laden—not from overwork, but from confusion and anxiety. We grow tired by reason of our unceasing efforts to short-circuit God's will and our foredoomed attempts to maintain mere minimum righteousness. We are defeated in spirit by the heavy demands of legalized religion. Our deliverance is not to be found in either a pillbox or any new edition of an old wife's tale.

Jesus offers abiding peace in his invitation. It is the peace of a single authoritative voice. He lays on us one consuming burden—the yoke of love. Our weakness is joined with God's strength, and thereby our burden is made light. The end of all our strivings is given unto his hands. In him is our peace.

PRAYER: Our Father, we lay on thee our fret and care and ask for the gift of abiding peace. Grant us holy purpose, patience, and power. May thy presence be our rest and strength. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—PAUL A. DUFFEY



In *Seven Wonders of the World*, sun-bathing Indian elephants stop a railroad train to Darjeeling in the Himalayas.

Barnabas and his

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS

SINCE World War II, a certain type of exciting adventure story has been missing from the new-book shelves—and a huge stack of once-wonderful books comes tumbling down. For this blame the airplane. Flying everywhere over our earth, it has displaced fantasy with fact.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was wrong: there is no *Lost World* of prehistoric monsters. Byrd didn't find a tropical paradise created by volcanic fires and hot springs in the icy wastes near the South Pole. The worlds of **H. Rider Haggard** were only dreams, for sure. American boys in the South Seas found war, disease and death among the *Faery Islands* of **Nordhoff** and **Ball**. Communist China may be the new world menace, but it has produced no fictional rascal to match **Sax Rohmer's** Fu Manchu (my favorite villain). And any TV viewer knows that the real pygmies of Africa are giants measured by the little people of **Swift's** *Gulliver's Travels*.

Of course, Barnabas never *really* believed all those wonderful old fantasies—but they were delightful reading and it was nice to think such people, places and things *might* exist. If you think, however, there is no romance and adventure left on our planet, look at some of the recent crop of new books.

Radio was young and television but a glint in an inventor's eye when I first heard Lowell Thomas' pleasant

"Good evening, everyone" on an old battery set back on the farm. Now radio is old and television is young—but **Lowell Thomas** just keeps rolling along like Old Man River. His latest book, *Seven Wonders of the World* (Hanover, 412 pp, \$6.95, 100 pictures, many in color) came out about the time his Cinerama movie of the same name hit the Technicolor screen.

What are these new wonders? This column won't tell—but can you name the original seven wonders? Here they are: the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the statue of Zeus at Olympia, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos lighthouse, the Temple of Diana, the tomb of King Mausolus, and the pyramids. Of these, only the pyramids remain.

While the senior Thomas saw wonders afar, **Lowell, Jr.** and his wife, **Tay**, hopped about the planet in a light

airplane. Their *Our Flight to Adventure* (Doubleday, 318 pp, \$5.95), is an aerial odyssey over three continents.

The young couple visit the Pygmies, the tall Watusi, live with desert nomads, see a skyscraper city built of sun-dried bricks, enter the Hunza valley, have a few anxious moments in the air when young Thomas' confidence in his prowess as a flier overrules his better judgment. But the two return safely to prospective parenthood—which will probably become the greatest adventure of them all.

Man builds. The winds, rains, and

From the jacket of
Tales of Adventure,
by Jack London.





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sands erase his works. Even the pyra-
mids must yield to time. It was **M.
Zakaria Goneim**, an Egyptian ar-
chaeologist, who put forth the theory
that at least one of the pyramids may
have already succumbed to the shifting
sands. He set out to prove his theory
—and unearthed a 4,500-year-old pyra-
mid in the desert!

The Lost Pyramid (Rinehart, 175 pp,
\$3.50) is Goneim's factual story of his
search for and discovery of, a pyramid
built nearly 3,000 years before Christ.
Not of intense general interest to every-
one, perhaps, but a natural for the
budding archaeologist or the lover of
antiquities.

The Bible was hardly new when
Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) wrote his
thimble-sized review. "A noble book!"
he declared, as if he had just discovered
it. "All men's book! It is our first, oldest
statement of the never-ending problem
—man's destiny, and God's way with
him here on earth; and all in such free-
flowing outlines—grand in its sincerity;
in its simplicity and its epic melody."

I saw an eight-year-old boy listen
intently to every word his mother read
as the hour of his favorite television
program came and passed unnoticed.

"Read just one more, Mother," he in-
sisted all evening.

Mrs. Barnabas was reading from
Story Talks from Animal Life by **Jacob
J. Sessler** (Fleming H. Revell Co.,
128 pp., \$2), a collection of 35 animal
stories with a religious flavor. Sessler is
a minister (Reformed Church of Amer-
ica) and, as Henry Ward Beecher once
did, uses nature to illustrate the great
truths of Christianity.

This led the eight-year-old on a search
for more nature-animal books and final-
ly to the special department you'll find
on another page.

Methodism owes much to Susanna
Wesley. Maybe you will agree that
Methodism owes *everything* to this ac-
complished woman who was born in
England nearly 300 years ago and
mothered 19 children.

Dr. Adam Clark, a distinguished
student of Wesleyana, wrote, "She was
a tender mother, a wise and invaluable
friend. Several of her children were
eminent and he [John, founder of
Methodism] who excelled all the rest,
owed, under God, at least one-half of
his excellencies to the instructions of his
mother. If it were not unusual to apply
such an epithet to a woman, I would
not hesitate to say she was an able
divine."

The extent of Susanna's understand-
ing and deeply religious convictions

comes home in *The Prayers of Susanna
Wesley*, edited and arranged by **W. L.
Doughty** (Philosophical Library, 63
pages, \$2.50). Her life abounded in
tragedy, hardship, ill health. Yet her
attitude was always positive. In one of
her prayers she thanks God "because in
the whole course of my life there have
been more mercies than afflictions and
much more pleasure than pain. Though
I have suffered pain and bodily infirmi-
ties, I have likewise enjoyed great inter-
vals of rest and ease."

John Wesley's mother was extremely
methodical—and bequeathed that trait
to him. At Oxford, he was leader of a
little club of serious-minded young men.
Non-members dubbed them Methodists.
Umphrey Lee and **William Warren
Sweet** tell about this campus club in
A Short History of Methodism (Abing-
don, 160 pp., \$2):

"They met together, studied the
classics and devotional works, pooled
their funds to help the poor, and min-
istered to unfortunates in jail. Their
name of Methodists may have come
from the regularity with which they at-
tended church services and particularly
the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

For a one-volume history of Meth-
odism, none is better. Both authors are
able. Lee is chancellor of Southern
Methodist University; Sweet is a former
president of the American Society of
Church History, and has taught in a
number of Methodist-related schools.

Leo Cherne takes a brief look into the
future on page 20 of this issue. For a
long look at the past look up **Eric
Sloane's American Yesterday** (Wilfred
Funk, 123 pp., \$3.95). Grandpa didn't
have it so bad after all, Sloane con-
cludes after rummaging through our
national attic.

Great grandfather had hardships, of
course. Some of them were in church.
America's early meeting houses were
unheated even in the coldest weather,
the benches were "the hardest and most
uncomfortable in the world," and serv-
ices which began at 9 A.M. usually con-
tinued until dusk. Many a preacher de-
livered his sermon in greatcoat, ear
muffs, gloves, and muffler. But great-
grandfather didn't seem to mind this
hardship!

"Today the white spires of yester-
day's churches are among the few re-
maining symbols of America's past,"
Sloane writes. "The church and the
farm were once pieces of each day's ac-
tivity, but now they are becoming
refuges. Whether it is the suburbanite
whose big church day is Sunday or the
city person who stops by during lunch
hour to pray, there is always an element

of escape from the business world. Perhaps great grandfather overdid his religion with long graces at the table and group Bible readings before bedtime, but he derived more of God as a way of life than he could by regarding him only as a refuge."

Sloane illustrates his book with drawings of weather vanes, cradles, and so on—a lead-on for the man with a basement workshop.

On the afternoon of May 3, 1918, the roof of a tunnel collapsed in France and eight men were trapped for dreadful hours by thousands of tons of rock and dirt. Among them was **Pierre van Paassen**, a Dutchman.

When help finally arrived, van Paassen staggered out more dead than alive. Then and there he made a vow.

"I am going to make a trip of my own," he said. "I am going to make a pilgrimage to Palestine. I am going to walk over the roads where Jesus walked in my bare feet. I am going to do penance . . ."

A Pilgrim's Vow (Dial Press, 344 pp., \$4) is the story of that strange journey. Van Paassen presents an intimate picture of the Holy Land. He takes you to Nazareth, for example, where he sees two boys helping a carpenter outside a shop—and he thinks, "This is just such a shop as Joseph had." On the way down from the Mount of Olives, he tears his hand on the same kind of thorn that made Jesus' crown; he stands on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and he visits the site of ancient Jericho, where the walls came tumbling down.

Interested?

If like Barnabas you're a **Dorothy Canfield Fisher** fan, you enjoyed re-reading her "As Ye Sow—," the "Reader's Choice" selection in last month's *TOGETHER*. The little masterpiece turns up again in a new book, *A Harvest of Stories* by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Harcourt, Brace, 352 pp., \$5). She has been writing short stories of distinction for 50 years, long ago proved herself a master at portraying the people she loves and understands.

In the same mail came **Martha Foley's** annual *The Best American Short Stories of 1956* (Houghton Mifflin, 368 pp., \$4). This anthology, I do believe, is not on a par with Mrs. Fisher's collection, but maybe you'll disagree because tastes vary. That's what keeps life and romance interesting, as the old saying goes. Many of Miss Foley's selections are from such magazines as *The New Yorker* and *Atlantic Monthly*.

'Created He Them'



INSECTS and THEIR WORLD by **Carroll Lane Fenton** and **Dorothy Constance Pallas** (John Day, 95 pages, \$2.95). Of all the animals that live on the earth, insects are the largest group. Carroll Fenton's remarkably clear and accurate drawings make this book especially appealing. Miss Pallas, while writing informatively, has succeeded in producing a readable book. Fourth and fifth graders should be able to handle this one alone.

ALL ABOUT SNAKES by **Bessie M. Hecht** (Random House, 143 pp., \$1.95). Many persons grow up with a cultivated fear of snakes. This can become a serious phobia. The author cuts through fears and fancies to the facts about the snake—an animal that hears through ground vibrations, smells with its tongue, sleeps with eyes open. Stamped with an evil reputation since the Garden of Eden, the snake is extremely useful to man. **Rudolf Freund's** illustrations are outstanding.

STRANGE BEASTS OF THE PAST by **Roy Chapman Andrews** (Random House, 146 pp., \$1.95). The tar pits of the world went to work for the scientist hundreds of thousands of years ago, capturing and preserving such animals as the saber-toothed tiger, the giant mastodon, tiny horses hardly bigger than a cat. Andrews, a well-known scientist and explorer, was for many years director of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. **Matthew Kalmenoff**, who illustrates the book, is noted for his scientific exhibits and murals.

THE BOOK OF REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS, written and illustrated by **Michael H. Bevans** (Garden City, 122 pp., \$2.50). This is the most beautiful book of the lot because it pictures in full color the world of reptiles and amphibians—in all, well over 100 species. Recommended as a book for the budding zoologist, or as a useful field and identification guide for anyone interested in the animal world.

ALL ABOUT DINOSAURS by **Roy Chapman Andrews** (Random House, 146 pp., \$1.95). Just try to keep your youngster out of this book! Even if he can't read, there are pictures by **Thomas W. Voter** on just about every other page. Dinosaurs lived long before man appeared on earth, but scientists find their bones and footprints—even their eggs—buried in the earth. The author himself discovered the first dinosaur eggs known to science while on an expedition into the Gobi Desert in central Asia.

ALL ABOUT BIRDS by **Robert S. Lemmon** (Random House, 146 pp., \$1.95). It is estimated by scientists that there are about one hundred billion birds on the earth—many more birds than people, in fact. Lemmon gives an overall picture of the bird world, from the ostrich, which may weigh 300 pounds, to the tiny hummingbird which weighs no more than the letter on which you stick a three-cent stamp. The illustrations are by **Fritz Kredel**.

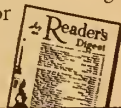
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High in the Andes, a mountain climber slips and falls. His feet catch in a rope and he hangs suspended, head down, over empty space Death is seconds away.

"This is it," T. de Booy remarks to companions who can't reach him in time. "It's all over with us!" Then he falls.

The Dutchman's body plunges 300 feet to an icy slope. The man gets to his feet, none the worse except for a scratched nose and an aching back. The expedition goes on to scale 21,000-foot Mount Huantsan, said to have been the last supreme challenge of the South American mountain chain.

"It was a strange sensation, to become conscious that I was going to die," de Booy writes. "Oddly enough, I felt calm and untroubled by pangs of fear. Death seemed so inevitable that I simply accepted my lot... If there had been the slightest chance of surviving, I should no doubt have been terribly scared. But I felt no apprehension; only a feeling of relief, coupled with curiosity as to what death would be like."

This is a sample of the reading to be found in *Challenge of the Andes* by de Booy and C. G. Egeler (McKay, 203 pp., \$4.50). I held on to the arms of my chair while reading it. Mountain climbing scares me stiff, but I find books on the subject hypnotic. This one gave me an especially long and pleasant shudder. And it has some of the finest photography I've ever seen.

Zane Grey died in 1939—but he's the author of a new book published every year. How can that be? Well, he was so prolific that the backlog of his unpublished work won't be exhausted until 1960. *Riders of the Purple Sage* is most popular among fans. But the author preferred *Wanderer of the Wasteland*.

Charles Kingsley, English clergyman-author (1819-1875), believed there is nothing—with the exception of a living person—more wonderful than a book. Books, he said, carry "a message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers."

Helen and Larry Eisenberg make their home among the rolling hills of Brentwood, a suburban community near Nashville, Tenn. They make their living having fun—and helping others have fun.

Their *Omnibus of Fun* (Association Press, 625 pp., \$7.95) is the biggest

book to cross my desk this month, jam-packed as it is with thousands of games, skits, and stunts. My Tennessee friend, Webb B. Garrison, a frequent contributor to *TOGETHER*, tells me that church, school, and civic groups should have this one in their libraries.

The Eisenbergs know whereof they write. Larry is an ordained Methodist minister who spends most of his time writing, teaching, counseling, lecturing. Helen is a MYF counselor when she isn't collaborating with her husband and taking care of their three children.

Here's one picked up from a publicity release about *The Trouble With the Irish* by Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberley (Henry Holt, \$3). It seems an Irishman sentenced to execution slipped on the wet steps leading to the scaffold. "These d—n Protestants will be the death of me yet!" he announced cheerfully.

Dr. Roy L. Smith, another regular contributor to our magazine, writes with enthusiasm after reading *Asbury Wilkinson, Pioneer Preacher* by Rodney Cline (Vantage Press, \$2.50):

"Nowhere in all the history of Protestantism, has there appeared another man quite like the Methodist circuit rider. Pitting his strength against the

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As gleaned from
pastors' sermons

- Failure is the line of least persistence.

—Dr. A. P. Keast, Creston, Iowa (from Mrs. Jessie S. Camp).

- Parents are not obligated to give their children a secure future, but they are obligated to give them a secure foundation on which to build their future.

—Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, New York, N.Y. (from Mrs. Charles Trinkacis).

- We want the fruits of godliness without the price of being godly.

—Rev. C. F. Carlson, Genoa, Ill. (from Mrs. Warren Brown).

- You can give without loving, but you can't love without giving.

—Rev. Charles Thigpen, Albuquerque, N.M. (from Helen Durst).

- Too many churches have become distribution points for religious aspirin.

—Rev. Wm. Reiley, Waterville, Ohio (from Ray F. Donnan).

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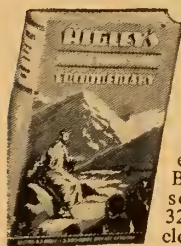
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primeval, spending himself with a prodigality almost unmatched, driven by a consuming passion for God, he burned himself out before he was forty.

"In this carefully compiled documentary the author, a professor of education in the Louisiana State University, etches his career. Asbury Wilkinson never went to General Conference, never presided over a district, and never rocked a state with his eloquence. Instead, his brief and intense ministry was confined to many-point circuits and almost impassable roads. But as a Methodist circuit rider he laid the foundations of the Church across half a state [Indiana], and served to the last limit of his strength until his 91st birthday."

I asked Bonnie Barnabas, a rather young little lady, to review one of the new books this month. It's *A Treasury of the Dog*, edited by **Ralph L. Woods** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 428 pp., \$5) and I thought she would like it. Here's the review Bonnie wrote:

"If you like dogs, read this book. I have always loved dogs and I read a lot of books about them. I think this is the best collection of dog stories I have ever read. Big people will like this book, too. You will laugh and cry and also learn more about dogs. I wish I could get a dog for Christmas, but I don't think I will. Maybe you don't like dogs. If you don't, just remember that a dog is more grateful to his master than most people are to God."

Know where you could get a better review, Mr. Woods?

The office boy came by with another dog story the other day. He said a man went to a theater to see *Moby Dick* and sat down beside a dog. The dog was watching the screen with great interest. Finally the man leaned over and spoke to a stranger sitting near.

"Is this your dog?" he asked.

"Yes," the stranger replied. "He enjoyed the book so much he just had to see the picture."

I heard my preacher talk on the three kinds of doubts—the dishonest doubt, the honest doubt, and the legitimate doubt. I thought of this when I read **Ernest C. Wilson's** *Have You Lived Other Lives?* (Prentice-Hall, 168, pp., \$3.95). Wilson, a minister of Christ Church, Unity, in Los Angeles, has piled up some interesting, if not always convincing, evidence that each of us has probably lived many lives.

This book has been in wide demand around the office. One of the secretaries took it in stride along with two others on flying saucers. She has her doubts, but doesn't know how to classify them. "I just don't know what to think about anything any more," she said. "But

reincarnation is certainly a beautiful ideal!"

Jack London lived hard and died young—at the age of 40. But he left a great literary output, including some of the best adventure stories of all time.

I first became acquainted with his work one sun-seared August day about 30 years ago. The heat didn't bother me that day because I was reading how it feels to freeze to death. Last week I read "To Build a Fire" again. It is one of many selections in a new anthology: *Jack London's Tales of Adventure*, edited by **Irving Shepard** (Hanover House, 531 pp., \$4.95), a massive book of red-blooded stories and articles which features an outstanding selection of photographs from over 100 albums personally assembled by London and his wife.

Much has been written about London, but nothing expresses his personality better than the author himself. "I would rather be ashes than dust!" London wrote. "I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The proper function of a man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time."

What do you think? Was Jack London right or wrong?

Those who think London was wrong can point to **Winston Churchill**. When Jack was born in 1876, Churchill was two years old. He is still around, making history and writing history.

Churchill's *The New World* is the second volume of his *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (Dodd, Mead, 433 pp., \$6). His rumbling eloquence recalls the quieter, more leisurely literary days when phrase-making was a writer's number-one qualification. In this, his latest book, the great Briton brings profound insight to bear on his subject. The result carried me entranced through the story of the Spanish Armada, Good Queen Bess, the revolution of 1688, and events that shaped the destiny of the United States. But, it seemed to me, he was more than a wee bit harsh in his judgment of Oliver Cromwell.

Sir Winston has been around for a long time, not as a meteor but as a steadily glowing star. As George Gobel says, they don't hardly make them like that no more.

It strikes me that books are more pleasing to the eye than ever before. They are well printed, colorful, durable, a far cry from the staid, brown covers

Browsing in Fiction

THE CURVE OF THE SNOWFLAKE, by W. Grey Walter
(Norton, 282 pp., \$3.75)

One of the popular forms of modern writing is called science fiction. On most any bookstand you will find a large number of these volumes, and of course if you read the comics you must be familiar with Buck Rogers, who flies through space between the planets the way we fly between Chicago and Los Angeles.

This is that kind of book, although on a high level. The author is a first-rate mathematician, and his imagination is grounded in scientific knowledge. On this basis he talks about two men and a woman who devote themselves to developing wonderful inventions for society. They form a center around which gather other first-rate scientists.

But then there is brought into the story a record of the world of the 21st century. All of this is fanciful and at times weird. The author is not nearly as pessimistic as Orwell nor is he as cynical as Huxley was in his *Brave New World*. I must say that this sort of thing does not appeal much to me. That is a personal reaction, however, and if you like science fiction at all, I think you will like this novel. As for me and my house, we will serve other masters.

ADVENTURE OF "HORSE" BARNSBY, by Phil Stong
(Doubleday, 192 pp., \$3)

It seemed to me that this book captured something of the spirit of *Treasure Island*. The gold fields of California in 1849 were not the best place for a 13-year-old orphan boy to get his education. Yet it all turned out well because he had intelligence and character and he fell in with two decent miners. Then there came along the young widow and her daughter who knew something about teaching the violin and reading the classics.

As I have put it down, the plot sounds a little trite, for it even includes a villain in the form of the boy's uncle. Yet it is a good yarn and I must confess I enjoyed it thoroughly. I should tell you also that there are times when I look at a Western movie on TV. (I am trying to protect myself from what may be an adverse reaction from the intellectuals.) I liked it.

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD, by Nicholas Monsarrat
(Sloane, 598 pp., \$4.95)

If you read *Something of Value* you are prepared for the general kind of book you will find here. In my judg-

ment, however, this is the greater of the two as a work of art. It is indeed a great writing accomplishment.

It has to do with the British problem of administering a certain tribe's affairs in Africa. The writer's sympathy is with the administrators. He describes certain reporters, who claim to be concerned for the black men, as trouble-makers causing more harm than good. Most of the people show no respect for the Christian code of sexual ethics, and you ought to be advised of that. There are some scenes of terrifying violence which are not for the people seeking peace of mind.

However, after all is said and done, I should be surprised if this is not regarded for a long time as one of the greatest novels coming out of our particular period.

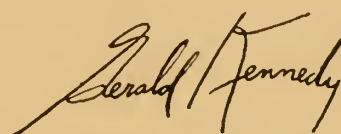
SINGLE PEBBLE, by John Hersey (Knopf, 181 pp., \$3)

There was once a small newspaper published somewhere in New England and edited by a very gifted writer. Somebody remarked of it that the local items were handled with such artistry that they became of universal significance. Now and again a novelist takes a simple story, colored and shaped by a particular situation, and the reader sees in it all men and all nations. Hemingway did it in his *The Old Man and the Sea*, and John Hersey has done it in *A Single Pebble*.

Like most preachers, novelists usually have an off day now and again, but if Hersey has ever had a bad one it has never been brought to my attention. Every one of his novels attains a uniformly high standard.

This one is a story of a young American engineer on a Chinese boat going up the Yangtse River. In this very small world, and with only four main characters, one catches something of the height and depth and width of human nature. Here is heroism, practicality, loyalty, mystery.

The book shows that life can be portrayed realistically without generous doses of sex and perversion. This is indeed a wonderful book. If you should disapprove of it, I suggest you complain to the editor of this magazine for having a reviewer on his staff who thinks he knows a great book when he sees it.



BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

and microscopic printing of yore. One may argue on the other hand that the content of modern books doesn't always match their attractive appearance.

An exception is *One Thousand Beautiful Things* compiled by **Marjorie Barrows** (Hawthorn, 456 pp., \$3.95), an inspiring edition that came to my desk the other day. Under an attractive jacket, she has collected some of the most beautiful writing of all time—sketches, fragments, poems and prose that have earned immortality. The kind of book I can dip into for a bedtime snack—or take up for a full-course dinner.

When **James Morris**, a young Englishman, reached the United States a couple years ago, he was armed with a sharp pencil and a sharper eye. *As I Saw the U.S.A.* (Pantheon, 246 pp., \$3.95) is fresh, sometimes critical, remarkable in reportorial detail, an unusual opportunity for Americans to see themselves as others see them. But it was not possible for Morris, during the months he traveled here, to succeed always in divining motivations or sense at all times the steady pulse that flows from the beating heart of America. As a result, he sometimes tends to "look down" on some of the folks he meets.

No such fault can be found, by way of contrast, in **Ben Lucien Burman's** *It's a Big Country* (Reynal, 278 pp., \$4.00). Burman is part and parcel of his country. He brings a rich and colorful background in Americana, a gifted pen, ability to understand the reasons we are as we are. His folks live off the main highways, beyond the skyscrapers, far back of the billboards, along the rural free delivery routes of the Cumberlands, the Ozarks, the winding Mississippi, Louisiana bayous and the western plains.

I had the feeling that Burman, unlike Morris, knew his Americans long

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before setting out on his latest trip—that actually he is just dropping in for a chat with old friends again.

Martha Berry ministered to thousands of mountaineers, leaving "a record of usefulness which has few equals in American history." Her story is told by Harnett T. Kane and Inez Henry in *Miracle in the Mountains* (Double day, 320 pp., \$3.95).

Petite and pretty, Martha Berry vowed to do something about the poverty of mind and spirit among the mountain people who had been bypassed as civilization spread across the nation. From a single log cabin on her father's land sprang the Berry Schools, a unique educational institution.

Presidents and leaders of industry came, after many years, to pay tribute to Martha Berry. When she died in 1942, the campus of the school was the largest in the world—30,000 acres of forest, mountains, fields, and lakes. But, more important, was the richness this woman left behind in the hearts and minds of her people.

Last-minute comment on a book just received: not since Dale Evans' *Angel Unaware* has a book about the death of a child had the emotional appeal and inspiration of *The Story of Gabrielle* by Catherine Gabrielson (World, 119 pp., \$2.75).

This is a sad book, of course—but an inspiring one, too, full of truth and beauty and reverence.

The release of Cecil B. DeMille's much-touted *The Ten Commandments* has brought a deluge of comment. Some of it is pro, some of it con—as is pointed out on page 75 of this issue. It has also brought a flood of whimsical comment.

For example, there was the little old lady who emerged from the theater saying: "It was a good movie, but it didn't follow the book."

Bishop Donald H. Tippet of San Francisco is said to have been asked if he really believed the Bible story about the parting of the Red Sea for Moses and the Children of Israel. To this question, he is supposed to have answered: "I certainly do. If DeMille can do it, God can do it, too."

I don't know whether our neighbor had the movie in mind, however, when he presented a package at the post-office window a few days before Christmas.

"Is there anything in here that can be broken?" the clerk asked.

"Yes," our neighbor replied. "The Ten Commandments. I'm mailing a Bible."

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- Vol. 5. Ecclesiastes; Song of Songs; Isaiah; Jeremiah.
- Vol. 6. Lamentations; Ezekiel; Daniel; Twelve Prophets.
- Vol. 7. General Articles on the New Testament; Matthew; Mark.
- Vol. 8. Luke; John.
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Best sellers come and go like the spring flowers. Who, for example, can remember the best sellers of 1899? And who will remember this year's best seller 58 years from now?

Well, a lot of us will remember the two best sellers of 1899. Know what they were? Yes, *David Harum* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower*.

I learned this, and many more interesting things, in *Sixty Years of Best Sellers* by Alice P. Hackett (R. R. Bowker Co., 180 pp., \$5).

Guy Endore, author of the currently popular *King of Paris*, voted Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* the most memorable and enjoyable book he had ever read.

"What amazes me is the wonderful freshness of *Huckleberry Finn*," he declared in *The New York Times* book-review section. "The pace is absolutely modern. Is there any other book of 1884, or even later, that waltzes along so fast without ever sacrificing depth?"

"Dear, d'lightful, dev'lish" was the way a Black Hills newspaperman described old Deadwood in its heyday. He could have tacked that characterization on all of the Old West. There's a fascination about that part of our land that was young so long. Who doesn't like to read its tales of derring-do?

Not a "Western"—but a book resounding with sharpshooting and such names as Sitting Bull and Buffalo Bill Cody is *Annie Oakley of the Wild West*, by Walter Havighurst (Macmillan, 246 pp., \$4.50). Incredible "Little Sureshot" Annie amazed the world with her rifle.

Annie has been a legend like Paul Bunyan. This book makes her as historical as Calvin Coolidge. Despite exacting scholarship, it reveals her as a

modest Ohio maiden who rose to fame she never quite understood. The craftsmanlike way Professor Havighurst carpenters his ideas is no mystery, however. Son of a Methodist preacher, he attended Ohio Wesleyan University, that seed-plot of so many missionaries, ministers, and authors.

Well, here's another of those top-flight scientists who make room for faith and reverence in the world—Dr. George Russell Harrison, dean of the school of science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In his *What Man May Be* (William Morrow & Co., 226 pp., \$4) you get the impression that science and religion make good bedfellows after all.

"When a spectroscope dissects light from any distant galaxy," he declares, "it reveals only the chemical elements that we find on earth. In this confirmation of a universe . . . the scientist shares with the mystic an awareness of that Oneness from which springs our most fundamental feeling of security."

It's not a religious book in the strict sense of the word, but then probably some theologians wish they could write like this:

"A cup would hold the cells from which all the 164,000,000 people now living in the United States got their start. Within this partial pint of matter, nine-tenths of it water, are apparently contained complete directions for assembling atoms not only to form the bodies of all these people, but also those of their billions of descendants . . ."

Three Scotchmen went to church. When the collection plate came around one became so nervous he fainted. The other two carried him out.

—BARNABAS

BEST-SELLERS: NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST

This poll of Cokesbury Book Stores in six major cities reflects current best-seller trends but does not necessarily imply recommendations of the books listed:

Fiction

The Tribe That Lost Its Head, Nicolas Monsarrat (Morrow \$5)

King of Paris, Guy Endore (Simon & Schuster, \$4)

Rachel Cade, Charles Mercer (Putnam, \$3.95)

Jericho's Daughters, Paul Wellman (Doubleday, \$3.95)

Don't Go Near the Water, William Brinkley (Random House, \$3.95)

Non-Fiction

The Nun's Story, Kathryn Hulme (Little-Brown, \$4)

Men to Match My Mountains, Irving Stone (Doubleday, \$5.95)

An Historian's Approach to Religion, Arnold Toynbee (Oxford, \$5)

This Hallowed Ground, Bruce Catton (Doubleday, \$5.95)

Cavalcade of America, edited by Carl Carmer (Crown-Lothrop, Lee, \$4.95)

Collecting Christian Crosses

A SURPRISING number of people collect crosses. They find this a satisfying hobby, which deepens their appreciation of the Christian heritage.

Usually, collectors get started because of some irresistible bit of jewelry found by accident in a shop. An afternoon of browsing for ancient pottery in the bazaars of Athens led Madeleine S. Miller and her husband, the late J. Lane Miller, pastor of the Methodist Church of Rye, N. Y., to collecting crosses.

In a velvet tray of jumbled jewelry they found their first specimen, a Byzantine cross of faded gold filigree. Years later, after nine visits to Bible lands and 100,000 miles of travel, they had become so engrossed in collecting that they wrote *A Treasury of the Cross* (Harper & Brothers). It is described by experts as one of the most authoritative books of its kind.

Mrs. Robert Leroy Harris, widow of the late Protestant Episcopal Bishop Harris of California, was planning a trip to Europe when her minister asked her to find an Ionic cross.

"I found one," she recalls, "in a quaint shop on an island north of Scotland. The cross was made of Scotch marble with a circle around it, the emblem of eternity. Before I came home, I had collected 30 crosses and had started a hobby which has become an integral part of my life."

Now Mrs. Harris lectures nearly every week about the pieces in her collection. "My crosses are more than just a hobby," she says. "They serve as an open door to clubs, churches, and other gatherings. I use them to talk about Christ and to spread his message."

"Usually I pass some crosses through the audience. People tell me they get an extra something from just holding them. They seem, somehow, to draw us together in better Christian understanding."

Crosses are found in unusual places, made of unusual materials. Mrs. Harris' collection contains crudely carved



Mrs. Robert Harris with some of her many finds. A pastor's request launched her hobby.



A cross awarded to chief chaplains of Army and Navy.



An Indian artisan made this distinctive cross.



Mrs. J. L. Miller owns this unusual cross made of Ethiopian coins.



The skill of Greek and Balkan artists is displayed in these collectors' items.



The Glastonbury Cross—a mute reminder of Britain's past.



Old Saxon Cross discovered in an abbey in England.

Russian pieces: Excavation yielded the ancient bronze at lower right.



Silver gem-studded specimens.



crosses of wood, others made of foreign money welded together. She has American Indian crosses, handmade Mexican specimens, delicate Roman crosses with beautiful mosaic work, Jerusalem crosses made from pieces of mother-of-pearl, Portuguese crosses of dainty gold filigree, and East Indian crosses of gold and rubies.

In contrast, there are modern crosses. She has several made of silver and bright enamel from Denmark.

Some crosses from Spain are ingeniously made. One type has a small hole in the middle. Peering into it, the viewer sees a religious scene.

Cross collecting can add zest to travel. The Millers made a special trip to see the highest cross in the world—26 feet from top to bottom. It is held by the Christ of the Andes, a statue standing 14,000 feet above sea level on the boundary between Argentina and Chile. It was built as a symbol of peace between the two nations.

The Millers also journeyed to see the world's lowest cross—one made of rock salt, inside an ancient mine in Bogota, Colombia.

Crosses are found in nature—in the Easter passion flower, in the square petals of the dogwood, in the constellation of the Southern Cross.

Mrs. Phil Thornton, a Storm Lake, Iowa, Methodist, is especially interested

in crosses used in architecture. An outstanding example is the cross atop the world's tallest church spire—the 568-foot Chicago Temple, home of the First Methodist Church in Chicago's Loop. The spire is pictured on this month's inside front cover.

The fabled "lucky-fairy" crosses, owned by some collectors, have a legend all their own. Supposedly, they were made by shed fairies' tears when Christ was crucified. The scientific explanation is that these crosses are actually crystals of a compound of aluminum, iron, silicon, oxygen, and hydrogen.

Dr. J. A. Kestle, now pastor of the Central Church in Winona, Minn., used the best-known styles of crosses as weekly themes for six months at the Emory Church in Pittsburgh, Pa., when he was pastor there. Each week a different cross was hung in the sanctuary and the Sunday bulletin carried the history and meaning of "the cross of the week." The crosses, each two feet high, were cut from plywood and gilded by Frank Golightly, a member of the church.

One collector, Dr. George Steinman, chairman of the Religion Department at McMurtry College in Abilene, Tex., (a Methodist-related school), has more than 200 crosses and 250 drawings of crosses. An author and lecturer, Dr. Steinman recently collaborated with Mrs. Ruth Cale Almy of Denver, Colo.,

in preparing a packet of Christian symbol patterns, published by the Gilson Publishing Company of Norwalk, Conn.

Experts know of more than 400 forms of crosses; of these, about 50 have been used as Christian symbols. Uppermost in collectors' minds is reverence for the cross, a living symbol of Christ's supreme sacrifice: "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

Would you like to get started collecting crosses? Here are some practical tips:

1. Ask your minister. Perhaps he has—or can suggest—reference material that will be helpful.

2. Look through old boxes of family jewelry in attic and basement.

3. Go to auctions and rummage sales. Explore secondhand stores.

4. Pick through debris, if an old church is being torn down. Look for tiles, engravings, or carvings of crosses that can be used in your home or patio.

5. Look in the classified ads of hobby magazines.

6. Read about crosses. Two basic books are *Treasury of the Cross* and *His Cross and Ours*, by Joseph Ford Newton (Harper & Brothers).

7. Watch TOGETHER's Hobby Directory for the names of other collectors with whom to trade.

What's Your Hobby?

Here's a chance for you to trade stamps, coins, recipes, patterns, or stories with someone in your own city or on the other side of the world. Each month TOGETHER will publish names and addresses of the Methodist hobbyists so that you can get in touch with them. If you want to be listed, send your name, address, and hobby to TOGETHER, Pen Pals, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Entries are limited to those 18 years of age or less.—Eds.

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Dan Snell, Reading, Mich.

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Rev. Paul P. Potter, Lake View, Iowa.

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John Turzi, Jr., 3025 Wallace Rd., Huntington 5, W.Va.

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Mrs. Rosa Moser, 1732 W. Rosecrans Ave., Gardena, Calif.

Earrings:

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Genealogy:

Rev. F. S. Moseley, Methodist Church, Eutaw, Ala. (Methodist ministers from Alabama); J. F. Carothers, Clarence, Mo. (Carothers); Mrs. Robert V. Ogden, Winnie, Tex. (McFerrin).

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Pen Pals (open to age 18):

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Together with the Small Fry

MEET THE TICK-TOCK BIRD

THIS little fellow is the Tick-Tock Bird. He is a special friend of boys and girls—thanks to Thomas F. Dillabough.

You've probably never seen a bird quite like Mr. Tick-Tock before. That's because he's a rare bird, and rare birds are indeed hard to find.

Have you guessed where he got his name? Well, take a good look at his picture. See his eyes? They're clocks, and they tell time for boys and girls. Another reason is that he talks just like the tick-tocking of a clock.

The Tick-Tock Bird is one of the wisest birds in the whole world. He got his unusual hat at a special school for birds, where he learned all about chil-

*Old Tick-Tock tells
The tots at school
To study hard
And learn each rule;
To do their best
At work or play
For truly that's
The Tick-Tock way.*



dren, as well as all types of birds.

Mr. Tick-Tock is also very kind. But the best thing of all is that he loves boys and girls.

So, read what he says out loud, like the tick-tocking of a clock.

And, don't forget to look for him! He'll be right here on these pages next month, waiting for you.

The L-V PARTY--a Learner Family Story by Frances Dunlap Heron

IT WAS dinnertime at the Learners' house; the time when Daddy told what happened in his office, and when the children talked about what they were doing at school.

"It's almost February," said Larry. "We're studying about Abraham Lincoln."

"I know something, too!" announced Stevie. "I know about Lincoln-Valentine Day!"

"Lincoln-Valentine Day!" laughed Larry.

"He's silly!" said Linda. "He means Lincoln's birthday and Valentine's Day."

Stevie looked sad.

"Don't you worry," Mama comforted him. "Linda and Larry make mistakes, too."

"It's easy to mix up those two days," said Daddy, "because they're so close together. Lincoln's birthday is the twelfth of February, and Valentine's Day is the fourteenth."

"Our first grade is planning a Valentine party," said Linda.

"I want a party," Stevie put in.

"I have an idea," said Mama. "How would you like to have a *Lincoln-Valentine* party?"

"You mean here at home and invite our friends?" asked Linda.

"Yes, we could have some things to remind us of Valentine's Day, and some of Lincoln."

"I could make a little cabin to hold the valentines," said Larry.

"I could help make heart-shaped sandwiches, couldn't I?" asked Linda.

"What can I do?" begged Stevie.

"You can carry the invitations around," said Mama. "We'll make them tomorrow night. Be thinking of whom to invite."

"I know *now*!" exclaimed Larry. "The boys on our block—Paul and Bill—"

"What about the brother and sister who live over the corner grocery?" asked Mama. "Peter and Louisa?"

"But they're not friends of ours," Linda answered quickly.

"They never have time to play," Larry said. "They help in their father's store."

Linda shook her head. "We couldn't invite them. Their clothes aren't nice and they talk funny."

Mama shook her head, too. "Then we couldn't invite Abraham Lincoln either."

"Why, Mama!" Linda cried. "The party is for his birthday."

"Larry," said Mama, "at school tomorrow read about Lincoln when he was a boy. Tell us tomorrow night."

"And, Linda," added Daddy, "you could ask your teacher about St. Valentine."

The next afternoon, when Linda ran in from school, she burst out, "Mama, now I know—"

Larry interrupted, "I know, too!"

But Mama said, "Let's wait until after dinner."

That evening when the Learners were at work on the invitations, Larry reported: "I found out what you meant about inviting Abraham Lincoln. He was just like Peter and Louisa—he worked hard and had awful looking clothes and people made fun of the way he talked."

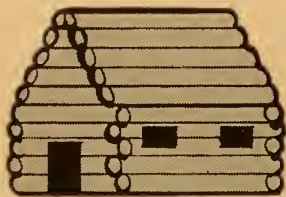
Daddy smiled. "They didn't know that he would grow up to be a great president."

"And, Daddy, my teacher told us about St. Valentine," said Linda. "His day is for showing love. You surprise people by being nice to them."

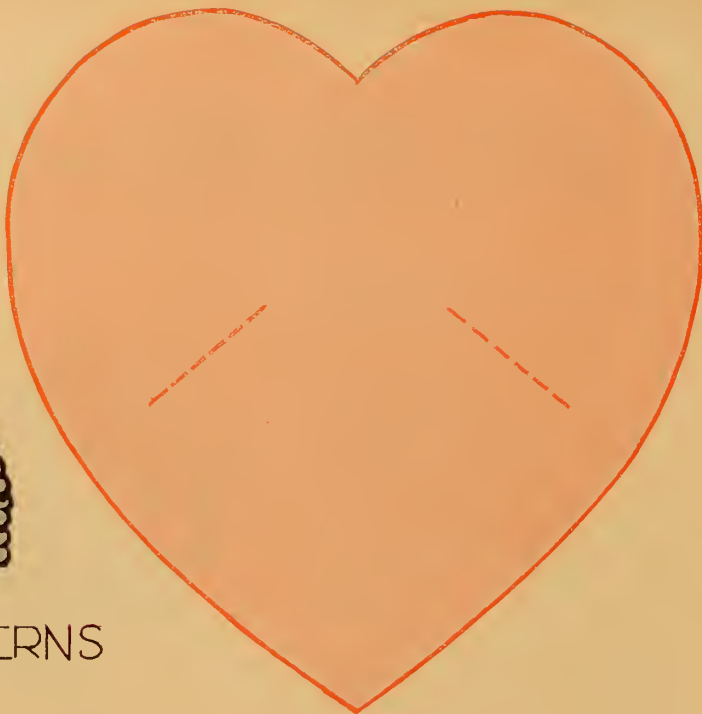
"Peter and Louisa would sure be surprised if we invited them to our party," Larry spoke up.

Linda reached for an invitation. "I'll print their names—how do you spell 'Louisa'?"

"It looks as though this will be a real Lincoln-Valentine party," Daddy decided. "Stevie really started something."



PATTERNS



AN INVITATION TO THE L-V PARTY

USE carbon paper to trace the big heart at the right onto red paper. Mark the slits and let Mother cut them with a razor after you cut out the big heart. Trace the two long strips and the tiny heart onto white paper, and the log cabin onto paper from a brown paper sack.

Cut out the white strip which reads "Come to our Lincoln-Valentine Party" and the white heart which reads "Pull Me." Paste the top half of the tiny heart on the end of the white strip. Cut out the log cabin. Paste it on the end of the other strip. Then fold each strip at the dotted lines to form an accordion shape.

Now use the finished invitation (below) as a guide. Slip the folded strip with the heart at top into the right slot of your big red heart. Put the other strip into the left slot. Then write the name of your guest and your own name on the finished invitation.

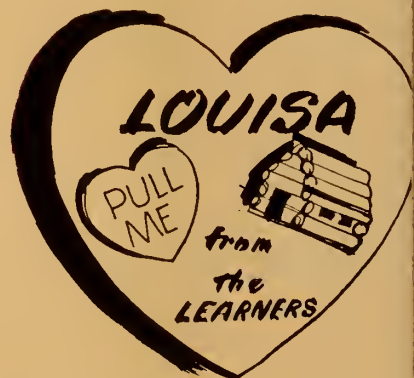
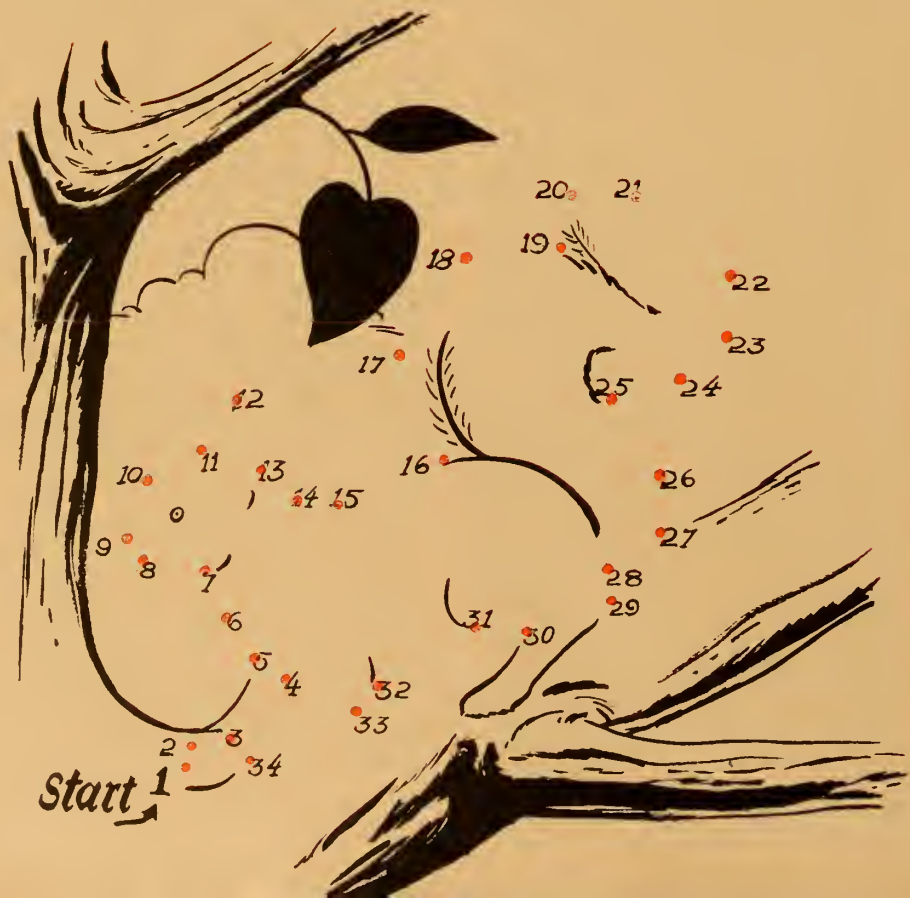
Come to our Lincoln-Valentine Party

PASTE
HEART
HERE

On Wed. Feb 13 at 7:00

PASTE
CABIN
HERE

Connect the Dots ... and see a



FINISHED INVITATION

MY PRAYER

Lord, let me always know
The way that I should go.
Let me, through every day,
Know what is best to say.
Teach all good things to me,
And let me kinder be
Than I have ever been ...
This is my prayer. Amen.

—LOIS SNELLING



of the world parish

BISHOPS PRAISE PRESIDENT'S UN STAND

The Methodist Council of Bishops is now on record praising President Eisenhower's "calm" leadership in the international crises and his insistence that the United Nations is the only agency empowered to maintain world peace.

They also commended UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld's "creative" handling of the Suez incident.

Their statement, issued at a meeting in Pasadena, Calif., denounced unilateral action of any nation that attempts to become judge, jury, and executioner in world affairs.

"Nations pledged to the UN charter must not take the law into their own hands," said the council. "To do so is to sanction the practice of the totalitarian."

The Methodist leaders urged Americans to "rethink their world responsibilities" and to be informed, for "there can be no freedom for any man until all men are free."

Their views closely paralleled a pastoral letter from the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It also condemned unilateral action. It asked honest consideration of what the U.S. "would be tempted to do if our interests in the Panama Canal Zone were threatened."

Both bodies, deeply stirred by events in Hungary, sought generous relief support for thousands of refugees. At least one Methodist congregation (First Church, Mission, Tex.) beat the bish-

ops' appeal by two weeks, contributing \$102 for food and medical supplies to the Hungarians.

Methodist layman and labor leader Victor G. Reuther, returning from a tour of Austrian refugee camps, urged no limit on the number of Hungarians admitted to the U.S. Most escapees, he pointed out, are the young, those who fought in the revolt. The next wave will include the aged and homeless.

Equally as urgent as liberalizing immigration, he said, is the need for the U.S. to throw its full influence behind UN efforts to get observers and relief workers into Hungary.

'MARTIN LUTHER'

TV Station Cancels Film

A Chicago television station's cancellation of the *Martin Luther* movie—already widely shown in U.S. theaters—has brought strong protests from a group of ministers and rabbis.

WGN-TV said it stopped the scheduled showing "not wanting to be a party to the development of any misunderstanding or ill will among persons of the Christian faith in the Chicago area."

The clergy committee declared the action was an admission the station was "vulnerable" to pressures "mobilized by the Roman Catholic Church." The film is based on the life of Luther, who

broke with the Roman Catholic Church in the 16th century and led the Protestant movement in Germany.

The committee declared "de facto censorship of this character" violates the principles of civil and religious liberty of the U.S. Constitution.

U.S. AIR FORCE

Salvages 25 Alcoholics

The U.S. Air Force has saved a million dollars—by reclaiming alcoholics. It's a new experimental project conducted at Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Tex. A report on the first 50 patients, ranging in rank from basic airman to colonel, shows 50 per cent remained "dry," 14 per cent improved, 26 per cent were failures, and 10 per cent were lost track of.

The million-dollar estimate is based on the cost of replacing an airman of four years' experience at \$15,000, an electronics technician at \$75,000, a jet pilot at up to \$500,000.

In praising the program, the Rev. Everett W. Palmer, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Glendale, Calif., pointed out that savings in human values are actually "vastly more significant."

"There is no way to measure by dollars such values," he said, "save to say when they are damaged and betrayed, all the money in the world cannot compensate for that loss. When they are sustained, all the money in the world in comparison is but a beggar's purse."

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS

Send Out Missionaries

The United Church of Christ in Japan, long a missionary-receiving group, now plans to send missionaries abroad.

The General Assembly of the United Church, of which Methodists are a part, has established a Board of Foreign Missions and re-elected the Rev. Takeshi Muto, moderator.

Missionaries will work mostly among Japanese in Okinawa, Latin America, and Southeast Asia.

There are 132 Methodists among 405 missionaries from North America now affiliated with Japan's United Church.

SCROLLS DISCLOSE

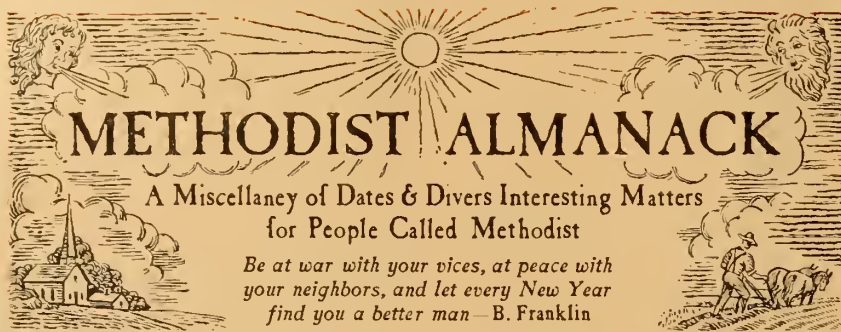
Noah Worried His Dad

Noah was a sensation long before he built the ark.

The latest Dead Sea Scroll to be unrolled discloses that he caused a family quarrel the day he was born. On that day he started to talk and his eyes

A Hungarian peasant family rests wearily on straw mattresses in one of the crowded refugee reception centers near Vienna, Austria. Two centers, with 5,400 capacity, house 20,000 Hungarians. There is no running water. (More pictures, page 70)





JANUARY hath XXXI days

1st Month

In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.—A. Smith

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 15 | Tu | Depression throttles nation, 1933 |
| 16 | W | Prohibition begins, 1920 |
| 17 | Th | B. Franklin b. 1706 |
| 18 | Fr | <i>He that lieth down with dogs</i> |
| 19 | Sa | <i>Shall rise up with fleas</i> |
| 20 | S | Inaugural Day |
| 21 | M | Carry Nation visits Kansas barroom, 1901 |
| 22 | Tu | U. S. launches first atomic sub., 1954 |
| 23 | W | <i>Giving never emptied the purse</i> |
| 24 | Th | First rubber heel patent, 1899 |
| 25 | Fr | Paul converted, A. D. 35 on Damascus Pike |
| 26 | Sa | Michigan 120 years old today |
| 27 | S | England first sips tea, 1666 |
| 28 | M | First telephone exchange opens, 1878 |
| 29 | Tu | Kansas 96 years old today |
| 30 | W | F. D. Roosevelt b. 1882 |
| 31 | Th | Dirigible releases first glider, 1930 |

■ She was armed with a Bible and she carried a hatchet. Wichita saloons never fully recovered. A "cyclone in petticoats," she violently opposed all use of liquor. She stormed through Kansas and the nation, shattering glass and barroom crystal with brisk hatchet strokes. She was jailed, shot at, beaten and booed but only old age and increasing feebleness stayed her hand. Her methods were extreme but she boosted the temperance cause.

FEBRUARY hath XXVIII days

2nd Month

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old,
their beards of icicles and snow.—H. W. Longfellow

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | Fr | Supreme Court first meets, 1790 |
| 2 | Sa | Ground Hog Day |
| 3 | S | Read Matthew 5:43-48 |
| 4 | M | <i>The proud hate pride—in others</i> |
| 5 | Tu | Dwight L. Moody b. 1837 |
| 6 | W | <i>The cat in gloves catches no mice</i> |
| 7 | Th | Baltimore badly charred, 1904 |
| 8 | Fr | U. S. Boy Scouts begin, 1910 |
| 9 | Sa | U. S. Weather service starts, 1870 |
| 10 | S | Rare Relations Sunday
Dist. Supts. begin Chicago meeting |
| 11 | M | T. Edison b. 1847 |
| 12 | Tu | A. Lincoln b. 1809 |
| 13 | W | Post office issues airmail stamps, 1926 |
| 14 | Th | St. Valentine's Day |

■ He attended school only three months, was thought a dunce by his teacher. Experiments began early: at six he tried to hatch eggs by sitting on them. He later plied a friend with effervescent salts to see if he would rise like a balloon. Adult experiments were more successful.



Nation



Edison

flashed light of atomic brightness.

Noah's father, Lamech, understandably disturbed, ordered his wife to tell him "without lies" who was the father. He believed it must have been an angel.

His wife, Bat-Enoch, denied "with vigor" that the child was supernaturally conceived. And, the story goes on, she finally convinced Lamech he was the father.

The scroll was found in 1947 but not unrolled until two years ago. Dr. Yigael Yadin, Israeli archaeologist, translated five columns of the scroll, assisted by Dr. Nahman Abigad.

Dr. Yadin said the scroll retells stories found in the Old Testament but with added details. It was written in the Aramaic language on goatskin.

IN MINNEAPOLIS CHURCH

Whites Invite Negroes

The 140-member Border (Negro) Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minn., has accepted an invitation to join the 4,000-member Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church.

For 20 years Hennepin Avenue has assisted the Negro congregation, whose church is to make way for an urban redevelopment project.

The official board issued the invitation, not as "flag-waving," but because "Christians should worship together regardless of race or cultural background."

(Hennepin Avenue's art gallery is featured in this issue on pages 35-42.)

MOSLEMS IN DIXIE

Find New Way of Life

Thanks to the First Methodist Church of Sylacauga, Ala., a refugee Moslem family from Palestine has found a new home, new opportunities, and a new religion. The refugees—father, mother, and four daughters—are the eighth DP family sponsored by this church.

All six Zabalaouis recently joined the Sylacauga church. One son, now in the U.S. Air Force, plans to join on his first furlough. Another joined a few years ago while studying at the University of Alabama. It was this son who, when the Israeli-Arab war forced his family to flee their home in Palestine, asked church members for help. His once-wealthy family was homeless, he explained, and possessed "only the clothes on their backs."

The Rev. D. C. Whitsett, pastor, and members arranged to have the family brought to America. The church provided a home and members found jobs for the father and eldest daughter. The other three daughters are attending Sylacauga schools.

(Continued on page 68)

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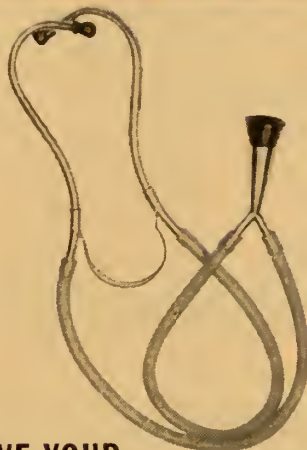
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T-17

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SUEZ CRISIS

Hurts Christian Mission

British missionary efforts in Egypt are "about finished," according to I. Roland Scott, secretary of the Near East Committee of the National Council of Churches.

About 25 per cent of total Protestant missionary activity was stopped by the Egyptians when they closed two British mission stations and arrested some 60 British missionaries. These, along with French Roman Catholic missionaries, face expulsion.

American missionaries (there are about 300 in Egypt, representing 45 denominations) are taking over some of the British work. Only mothers with small children have been evacuated from the U. S. missionary colony.

FILIPINO METHODISTS

Pick Native Leaders

Key jobs in the Philippine Methodist Church are being increasingly filled by local leaders. The tendency, which has been growing rapidly since 1952, forged ahead at the Philippine Central Conference in Manila.

Delegates voted to turn over to the own leaders the administration of all Methodist-related educational, medical and welfare institutions. They also accepted title to a national headquarters building.

Statistics showed 98,883 active Methodist members; 55,594 in church schools, 9,648 in MYF.

CLERGY POLL

Shows Racial Attitudes

Methodist clergymen from several states bordering the South are "far more liberal in their racial attitudes than expected," according to two sociologists. The pair conducted a poll among 271 Negro and white ministers at a Methodist conference in Baltimore.

"The response of the clergy in these two conferences (Baltimore and Washington, D.C.) raises hope for integration in The Methodist Church," said Dr. Clifton R. Jones of Morgan State College, Baltimore, and Dr. Austin V. Der Slice of American University, Washington. They urged white ministers to "provide the leadership required for integration."

Negro ministers, they said, must overcome their fear of losing their "vested interest in the Negro church."

At another Methodist interracial conference in Louisville, Ky., Bishop J. W. E. Bowen, of Atlanta, urged white and Negro Methodists to get together often to learn something of each other by association.

What Do We Want?

One of the nation's top movie-industry figures is urging Protestants to get together on what they want—and don't want—in films.

Geoffrey Shurlock, director of the Motion Picture Production Code, recently told the General Board of the National Council of Churches that relations between Protestants and the film makers have "never been better than now," but stressed the need for knowing what Protestants seek in motion pictures. He also pointed out that the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency has been in operation for 21 years, while the National Council established its evaluating committee only six years ago.

Mr. Shurlock predicted that *Friendly Persuasion*, story of a Quaker family, would be a box office hit. Protestant experts were consulted in the production of this film, as they were in the making of *A Man Called Peter*—a new step for the industry.

BOSTON DISTILLER Gets White House Letter

The White House has asked a Boston distiller to remove President Eisenhower's name from gift whisky bottles. The action, which won the praise of religious leaders, came after a protest from the Rev. Caradine R. Hooton, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, and others.

The decanters carry a picture and history of the Capitol, along with names of presidents and inauguration dates.

A White House spokesman said the President had not given permission for the use of his name.

PROTESTANT PROPHECY 100,000 New Churches

To keep pace with population growth Protestants will need 100,000 new churches in the next 20 years. Methodists will need 7,300, or about one a day.

The estimates were prepared by the Rev. George A. Fallon, Lakewood, Ohio, president of the Methodist Council of Evangelism, and summarized to nearly 400 council members as they met at Purdue University to make long-range plans. Mr. Fallon's prediction: "At the current rate of growth, there will be about 38,500,000 more Protestants in the United States two decades from now."

The council, which was holding its first annual meeting, plans a nationwide "Week of Evangelism" during Lent in 1958. In preparation, it will

(Continued on page 72)

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150 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

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Attention: Rev. H. Burnham Kirkland, Treasurer

Dear Mr. Kirkland:

Please send me booklet "Well Done" giving information on wills and forms of bequests.

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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____



Methodists Help Hungarian Refugees

Photos from World Council of Churches

THE LITTLE Methodist Church in Vienna, Austria, normally has pews. Not now. In their place are cots—because this is “home” to 150 homeless Hungarians. Members of the congregation removed pews, altered doors, installed plumbing, lights, gas—built a modern kitchen.

“This is madness!” cried one astonished member as the work started. “Refugees will come,” young Pastor Horst Marquardt responded quietly. “We dare not tell them to return later. We must be ready.”

So all night and all day workers hammered, sawed, painted. Pastor Marquardt was right . . . First the refugees asked for a place to kneel and give thanks. Then they gratefully accepted food, clothes, beds, and—appreciated most of all—warm Christian fellowship.

This young lady, eyes shining, is U.S.-bound.



Cots replace pews in the Vienna Methodist Church.

Two reach freedom at the Austrian border.





his woman required medical aid.



efugee youths—typical of many.



head and soup bring out smiles.

warm bath for a fretful child.




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THEY'RE NEW!

- "We received four cartons of GRACELINE napkins about two weeks ago and they are selling so fast we are ordering four more cartons." PLYMOUTH, N. C.
- "We plan to make a year 'round project of them." CHICAGO, ILL.

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Please send me free samples of new Graceline napkins and complete money-making details. Dept. T017

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The Grace Line Co.
801 LaSalle Ave. • Minneapolis, Minn.

(Continued from page 69)
take a national religious census to locate prospective members. The 20-year program will utilize mass-communications media, and mass and visitation evangelism, train lay speakers, recruit more ministers.

Members also heard Dr. Alan Walker, Australian Methodist evangelist, urge more attention to lower-income groups. "This is one of the weak-

est areas of evangelism in American Methodism," said Mr. Walker, who has been on a year-long "Mission to America."

30TH EDITION

Upper Room for Danes

The *Upper Room*, devotional guide published by the Methodist General Board of Evangelism, is going into its

30th language—Danish—soon. The Rev. J. Manning Potts, editor, announced plans for the newest edition after a tour of Europe and Asia which carried him inside Russia.

There, Dr. Potts said, he was surprised to find some devout Russians reading the *Upper Room*. Previously, it had been assumed the Russian edition was read almost exclusively by Russian refugees.

A Real Life Story

It Started in HOLLYWOOD

By GERALD KENNEDY



IN 1922, an English Methodist parson rented a room in a slum section of London and took in six homeless boys. His church had no money to support him and, with the exception of some good wishes and many earnest prayers, he was on his own. Because of his own childhood spent selling papers and working in the cotton mills, he had a driving desire to make life better for the children of poverty and exploitation. With a great faith, a complete devotion to the task, and much personal charm, the Rev. James Butterworth managed to enlist the help of prominent people. In 1939, Clubland was opened free of debt by Her Majesty Queen Mary, serving 1,000 youngsters and with a plant valued at £100,000.

Then came the war. One night the German bombers demolished Clubland, and what had taken many years and much effort to build was destroyed in minutes. Jimmie Butterworth said to me that he knew he did not have another 35 years to give to the rebuilding and there was not a chance that the money could be raised in an England beset with shortages and destruction.

So this man came to America without any lecture engagements or any introductions to wealthy people. It did not go very well. While he found some sympathetic listeners, few were generous givers. He arrived finally in Hollywood, almost broke.

One afternoon he went out to Paramount Studios with nothing particular in mind, except that his wife would expect him to visit at least one movie studio. A crowd of people waiting around one of the gates turned out to be autograph seekers waiting for a star. This did not interest him, so he wandered away from the crowd. Then a door opened, and a man came out and spoke to Butterworth, whose clerical collar indicated his profession.

"Where are you from?" the man asked.

"I'm from London."

"So am I," said the man. "I was born in London and lived there the first two years of my life. I wasn't getting anywhere, so I left." He added, "Would you like to come in and look at the set?"

Butterworth did not show enthusiasm, so the man asked,

"What's the matter? Are you ashamed to be seen with me?" Then this English Methodist preacher said something that should have put an end to the whole business. He said, "I don't know who you are."

The man looked at him as if he must be joking but, seeing the serious expression, he replied, "I am Bob Hope." To this, the preacher made one of the most amazing responses of our time:

"Who is Bob Hope?"

Instead of being offended, Bob seemed impressed and insisted that Jimmie Butterworth come inside and look at a movie set. This gave the English parson a chance to tell his story.

"Now don't worry about it any longer," Bob Hope said as his visitor prepared to leave. "I am coming to London in a few months to put on a show. You can't take much of the money out of the country anyway, and I'll build the first unit."

The preacher thanked him but added, "You will forget about me 10 minutes after I leave."

"No," said Bob, "they keep me around here to teach elephants how to remember."

Jimmie Butterworth returned to London. Contributions came slowly and he had about given up. The property was to be sold within one week—when Bob Hope appeared. He put on his show at the Paladium Theater and announced that the proceeds were going to Clubland. He introduced Butterworth saying, "He doesn't trust me. He is here counting the house!"

When the show was ended, Clubland was \$75,000 richer. Since then Bob has opened many doors for the parson and has, along with some other people at Paramount, given the whole enterprise invaluable support and publicity.

I sat one evening listening to this story from Jimmie as we sat on a California patio. I shall never forget what he said:

"You know, I have changed the Scriptures. They now read, 'But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is Hope!'"

Missouri

Bishop Eugene M. Frank, 835 Oleta Drive, St. Louis 5, Mo.



TOGETHER • JANUARY 1957

NEWS of Your Church in Action

Editor: Rev. Milton M. Thorne, PO Box 376, Clarence, Mo.

SUMMER MISSION

Gideon Pastor to Japan

The Rev. Arthur C. Fulbright, of Gideon Church, is one of 88 American ministers from nine denominations who will spend nine weeks in Japan next summer on a preaching mission.

He was selected by Bishop Frank on the basis of education, health and other qualifications.



Arthur C. Fulbright

The Gideon Church will pay half of his expenses. Mr. Fulbright served during World War II, and was later an assistant chaplain in the U. S. Army of Occupation in Japan. His service in the chaplaincy was influential in his selection for the assignment to these special duties.

The Gideon Church, says W. O. Davidson, chairman of the official board, is proud that their pastor was chosen.

KANSAS CITY

Possible Seminary Site

The proposed theological seminary for the Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska areas, will probably be on the campus of National College for Christian Workers,

Seek Support for Central College

Kansas City, according to Bishop Frank. He recently joined with Bishop Donald H. Tippet and Dr. Gerald O. McCulloh of the department of theological seminaries in a discussion with trustees of the National College for Christian Workers in Kansas City regarding the location of the seminary. They approved the plan for organization of a provisional governing board for the joint use of the campus of National College for Christian Workers.

Provisional board members include eight representatives from the college board of trustees and two representatives from each of the co-operating areas—Central Western (Central Jurisdiction), Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska.

PLANNERS MEET

Bishop to Discuss Goals

Bishop Frank will be speaker at the opening session of the Area Planning Conference at Jefferson City, Feb. 21-22.

Topic of his address will be "Program and Purpose." He also will speak at the closing session on "Goals and Horizons."

Persons holding key positions in the Area and Conferences are the accredited delegates to the conference. They have been notified personally and all will be staying at the Governor's Hotel.

Missouri Methodists will rally support for Central College, Fayette, on College Day, Jan. 20.

The special day follows closely the formal launching of The Methodist Church's four-year emphasis on Christian higher education at a recent joint meeting of the Commission on Christian Higher Education and the church's National Association of Schools and Colleges.

Many Missouri churches are planning College Day fund appeals to be applied toward support of Central.

Central College, said Bishop Frank recently, is a symbol of the private college in American life.

The national emphasis is on high academic standards, efficiency, permanence and support of Christian ideals.

ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS DIST.

Sansoms Korea Bound

• Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sansom, recent students at Scarritt College, will leave this month for Korea after receiving their commission as missionaries. They are being sponsored by Grace Church. Dr. Ivan H. Nothdurft, well known among Grace members, is returning to South America under the auspices of the American Bible Society.

• The Rev. Albea Godbold, pastor of St. John's Church, recently spent a week in a preaching mission at Searcy, Ark. Twenty-five other churches of Searcy District were engaged in a similar program.

ROLLA DIST.

Station Airl Conference

A successful district conference, from the standpoints of attendance, fellowship and spirit, was held recently at Salem. Highlighting the meet was an address by Bishop Frank, which was carried by radio station KSMO. E. M. Crigler of Central College, concluded the program. A festive note of the day was marked by the Susannahs of the district who presented the Rev. and Mrs. Ervin Fish of Ellington, who were recently married, with a wedding cake and a gift of silver. Mrs. J. Edgar Isbell, pastor's wife, was hostess at the parsonage to women in attendance.



The Ivan Lee Holt Hall at Central College, now near completion, will house 232 women.

Condensed Doctrine

Dear Methodists of Missouri:

A new pamphlet is being prepared by the Editorial Division of the General Board of Education. It sets forth the Christian theology upon which the literature of the Church-school materials is based. Anyone who gives this pamphlet careful study will find a most convincing and helpful statement of Methodist doctrine in brief form.

Now and again Methodist Church-school materials are attacked, but never by any person who carefully reads the doctrines of The Methodist Church and thoroughly understands his own position.

It has been my privilege to serve on the General Board of Education, and for the General Conference of 1952 I served on the Editorial Committee.

A few years ago our literature was attacked by some who believed they could see "Communist" influence within it. This claim was totally unfounded and has been convincingly disproved.

It is well for us to keep in mind a realistic truth about Methodist Church-school materials. They are prepared by some of the finest, most Christian scholars in America. They are prepared by men and women who live close to Jesus Christ and who dedicate themselves to making Christ a living reality in the minds of little children and aging adults.

Fortunately, Methodist Church-school literature is receiving the general acclaim and use it deserves. More and more of our churches are sensing the value of it. It is almost as important to use this material in our schools as it is to use the Methodist *Discipline* in the Quarterly Conference.

Our literature is the finest that Christian minds can produce, and it is produced by humble, sincere persons who want nothing more than equally humble persons who can suggest ways in which it can be more effective in relating our people to Jesus Christ and bringing them into God's Kingdom.

Faithfully yours,

EUGENE M. FRANK



was host pastor. Bonnots Mill, California, Eldon, Jamestown, and Linn delegates joined those of Jefferson City in attending the school.

• Lord's Acre sales returns recently reported include: Asbury, \$850; Big Springs, \$923; Chamois, \$400; Corso, \$600; Jonesburg, \$1,500; Montgomery City, \$1,000; Moscow Mills, \$750; New Florence, \$703; Old Alexandria, \$1,050; Pendleton, \$300; Senate Grove, \$935; Wellsville, \$2,200, and Winfield, \$600.

• Those in attendance at district conference, held Jan. 7 in the new educational building, at Jonesburg, heard an address by the Rev. Paul D. Womeldorf, executive secretary of South Central Jurisdiction. Dr. Womeldorf preached in Jefferson City and St. Charles Jan. 6.

—SOUTHWEST MISSOURI—

KANSAS CITY DIST.

350 Attend School

• A school for commission members of the local church was held recently in St. John's Church, under the direction of the Rev. James Brett Kenna, district superintendent. Some 350 commission members from the various churches in the district attended.

Five classes, including one for the newly-authorized Commission on Christian Social Relations, were held. Dr. Howard Greenwalt of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation conducted the class in Stewardship and Finance; Dr. Walter Leppert of the General Board of Missions led the study of missions; the Rev. Leroy J. Walker, from the Board of Evangelism, led the study of Membership and Evangelism; the Rev. Delbert Byrum, from the Board of Education, directed the study of Education. The Rev. L. M. Starkey Jr. of Swope Park Church, Kansas City, led the class in Christian Social Relations.

"Although a new venture," Dr. Kenna states, "the overwhelming success of the school was most encouraging."

• The annual MYF booth festival was held at National College Nov. 29-30.

• "I have just been reading the second issue of TOGETHER, the new mid-month magazine for Methodist families," says the Rev. G. Clifton Ervin of Country Club Church in his parish paper, "and I am enthusiastic about it . . . it contains eight of the most beautiful color photos I have ever seen." Dr. Ervin urged all families to subscribe.

NEVADA DIST.

Confer in New Building

• District conference was held recently in the new building at Eldorado Springs, with the Rev. Mark S. Horn, the new district superintendent, in charge. The Rev. George Hougham, was host pastor. The Rev. Willis L. Perryman, superintendent of Joplin District, was the guest preacher

The WSCS served a turkey dinner, with table decorations exemplifying the Christmas theme.

• West Plains church figured prominently in its local community Christmas program. The Methodist float placed first among church floats in the annual Christmas parade, receiving an award of \$25. Miss Betty Sears, active in MYF, was named Miss West Plains.

• The district MYF, under the sponsorship of the Rev. Vernon Schmidt, held four subdistrict booth festivals recently, with 481 attending and gifts totaling \$1,324. For the program, each subdistrict did a playlet, "Where Are the Nine?" Provided by the district secretary of Missionary Personnel, it depicted the need for full-time workers in all church-related fields.

CAPE GIRARDEAU DIST.

Note District Progress

• Bishop Frank, addressed the recent district conference in Maple Avenue Church, Cape Girardeau. District Superintendent Frank C. Tucker, who presided, called attention to the district's progress and announced future plans. The Rev. William Burke Friday and the Rev. Melvin Henley were recommended for admission on trial in the Annual Conference.

• Work is progressing on rebuilding the Bridges edifice, which was destroyed by fire recently. More than \$7,000 has been raised, says the Rev. A. A. Noggle, pastor.

• The district MYF institute, to be held at Sikeston Jan. 18-19, will stress the theme of "Christian Vocations."

• Dec. 2 was Charter Membership Sunday for the new church in Sikeston, and the Rev. Chester L. Pulliam, pastor, received 42 persons into membership.

• The Rev. George A. Shadwick, pastor of Bell City Church concluded his ministry Jan. 1. He and Mrs. Shadwick will live in Florida. Although retired, Dr. Shadwick had supplied Bell City for three years.

JEFFERSON CITY DIST.

Institute Well Attended

• The district Church-school institute, held recently at Warrenton, had the largest attendance of any institute in the Conference, says Executive Secretary John J. Taylor. Assisting Mr. Taylor at Warrenton were Mrs. M. G. Joyce, Miss Barbara Eskew, and the Rev. Herman A. Lehwald. An inspirational message was brought by the Rev. A. A. Watkins of Lafayette Park church, St. Louis.

• Linn has completed plans to begin construction of a new church building in April. The Rev. B. F. Teague is pastor.

• Jefferson City Church conducted a special training school recently with an average attendance of 100. Mrs. M. G. Joyce of Sikeston, the Rev. Warren L. Briggs and Prof. M. F. Ellzey of Columbia were the instructors. The Rev. D. Russell Lytle

nd spoke on "The Local Church." Reports indicated that more members had been received on profession of faith than by transfer to date.

Belton held a Christmas candlelight communion service Sunday evening, Dec. 3. The pastor was assisted by Chaplain Robert Corday, who is stationed at Grandview Air Base.

OPLIN DIST.

Shift 4 Pastors

The Rev. Willis L. Perryman, district superintendent, announces the following changes in pastors:

The Rev. W. B. Hollingsworth, transferred from Wheaton to Anderson, succeeding the Rev. George L. Ferrenberg, deceased; the Rev. C. C. Ground from Goodman to Wheaton-Muncie chapel; the Rev. F. B. Linn from North Arkansas to Goodman; the Rev. Jack Couch from Red Oak-Bethel to Pierce, succeeding the Rev. E. C. Sitts, resigned; the Rev. James Barker from Stotts City-Eastview to Springfield District.

Sarcozie Circuit is now composed of churches at Eastview, Stotts City, New Liberty, Purdy, and McDowell, with the Rev. Martin E. Holman in charge. The Rev. G. B. Miner is associate pastor at New Liberty; the Rev. Doyle Haggett, associate pastor at Purdy; and the Rev. G. B. Gilbreath is associate pastor at McDowell Church.

At district conference at Monett, held in the late fall, three licenses to preach were granted. The recipients are: Mrs. Blanche Storer, Doyle Haggett, and Alfred L. Laird.

Two churches which have not had pastors have been reorganized and pastors assigned.

The Rev. Roy Couch has been assigned to the Methodist Church at Leann. The Rev. Mrs. Amos Hall is now serving as pastor of Marbut Chapel.

Ground has been broken for a new addition to Freeman Methodist Hospital at Oplin. The building program, now in progress, calls for an ultimate expenditure of one million dollars.

MARSHALL DIST.

Young Adults Aid Aged

Johnson County young adults had a really "shower" recently. Gifts were sent to the Home for the Aged which is located at Marionville.

The Children's Home at St. Louis and the Home for the Aged received \$504 in contributions from a booth festival held recently at Warrensburg. Recognition for attractiveness and originality of booths went to Zion Hill, first; Centerview, second; and Holden, third. Knob Noster received an award for the highest value, \$120.

Latest to report their Lord's Acre sale receipts are: Centerview, \$547, and Medford, \$356.



Mrs. Frank



Eugene M. Frank

Meet the Franks

Missouri Methodists, as well as others throughout the world, are a gregarious group. They like to be friendly, to get acquainted with each other. Whenever a church gets a new pastor, the congregation is eager to meet him and his family. The election of a new bishop is of even greater interest.

The family of Eugene M. Frank is typically American. Bishop Frank, a native of Pittsburg, Kan., married Alice Sedoris in 1930, early in his ministry.

They are the parents of four children. Wilmagene, 22, is now Mrs. Lewis C. Noonan, and resides in Kansas City. Gretchen, 19, is a sophomore at Baker University in Baldwin, Kan. The two younger children, Susan, 11, and Thomas Edward, 8, live at home.

The Franks, like the majority of ministers' families, have lived in several parsonages. With the exception of a term at Hemenway Church during student days in Evanston, Ill., Bishop Frank's ministry was in Kansas Conference. His former pastorates include Tonganoxie, Americus, Olathe, Kansas City, and Topeka.



Wilmagene



Gretchen



Thomas Edward



Susan

MISSOURI

ST. JOSEPH DIST.

Hospital Buys Home

- Missouri Methodist Hospital has purchased the R. A. Brown Sr. residence on Eighth Street north of the hospital, according to an announcement by Dr. O. J. Carder, hospital administrator. The south end of the grounds will be converted into a parking lot which will accommodate 68 cars.
- The will of Lee Rogers, who died last summer, designates a bequest of \$2,500 for King Hill Church.
- Wesley House of St. Joseph will build a new recreation center, to join the present structure on the south. The 60-by-120-foot unit will contain a gymnasium, a movable stage, meeting rooms, showers, and a kitchen.

FAYETTE DIST.

Collins to Huntsville

- The Rev. Paul Collins has been appointed to Huntsville. He was succeeded at Clifton Hill Church by the Rev. John Batchelor.
- The Rev. Byron L. Osborne Jr. has been transferred from New York East Conference to Missouri Conference. He is serving the Keytesville Church.

MARYVILLE DIST.

Redecorate at Ridgeway

- Ridgeway Church has done a remodeling and redecorating job on its building, Pastor Maurice F. Magers reports. Total cost was \$3,000, all paid for with Lord's Acre receipts. William Bush, a member of the church, presented six pieces of chancel furniture as a memorial to his wife and daughter. Brass cross and candlesticks were given to the church by Mrs. John L. Adams in memory of her husband and a son, and brass offering plates were given by Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Leazenby.
- Claude Templeton, district lay leader, reports that the annual district laymen's banquet will be held March 6 at Maryville, with J. Clint Hawkins, St. Louis Conference lay leader, as the topline.
- Supt. Freeman C. Havighurst announces the district conference for Feb. 4, at Maryville.

KIRKSVILLE DIST.

Mix Business, Fellowship

A double-purposed meeting called district preachers to Kirksville recently. The first was for a panel discussion of the four commissions and committees. The second was a turkey dinner served by the District Superintendent, the Rev. John W. Ward, and Mrs. Ward. Methodists easily mix business and fellowship together!

The Rev. Paul Barton was the mod-

erator for the discussion, and ministers who were panel members included: William Bammon, Harry L. Rigsby, C. T. Mallinckrodt, and Truman Quigley.

- Wayland Church is planning to erect an educational unit and to rearrange its sanctuary. The Rev. Allen Vancil is the pastor.
- Lancaster placed first for the most attractive booth at the youth festival at Kirksville in December, and Macon took first place for value. Commodities went to the Home for Children at St. Louis.
- Greg and Esther Melegrito, Filipino students at Kirksville State College, were guests of Macon Church at its family-night program. They are Methodists and were teachers in their native country.
- Macon Men's Club presented its first candlelight Christmas carol festival, December 16. The club also presented the church with a hundred Cokesbury hymn-books.
- A second-series school for leadership training is being held three nights this month at Brookfield. Courses offered and instructors include "Christian Stewardship," George Seiberling; "Missionary Education of Children," Mrs. Paul Paschal; and "Guiding Intermediates," the Rev. Elroy H. Hines.

HANNIBAL DIST.

100 Hear Hawkins

- More than 100 men heard J. Clinton Hawkins, St. Louis Conference lay leader, at a fellowship dinner, Dec. 6, at Mexico. Lakenan Barnes, chairman of the Methodist men's committee of the church, was toastmaster. The Rev. David K. Pegues is pastor.
- A subdistrict leadership training school was held in the Mexico Church three consecutive evenings recently. Teachers were Mrs. M. G. Joyce of Sikeston, St. Louis Conference director of children's work; Dr. D. J. VanDevander of Hannibal; and the Rev. Jesse M. Layton of Centralia.
- The Rev. and Mrs. Joseph W. Thompson of First Church, Hannibal, celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary Nov. 9. They were presented with gifts by the Woman's Society and Sunday school.
- To climax a membership drive in the Men's Club chapter at Shelbina, a turkey dinner was served to 150 men and their families recently, the Rev. Earl C. Griffith, pastor, reports.
- Clarence Church, the Rev. Milton W. Thorne, minister, arranged for a series of unusual Sunday night services during December. Night services had not been held since June. The Rev. Raymond A. VanGiesen, Paris pastor, was the guest preacher Dec. 2, and the Rev. Earl C. Griffith, Shelbina, Dec. 9. The sanctuary choir presented a Christmas cantata, Dec. 16, and the High School Chorus a program of Christmas music, Dec. 23. The final feature was the showing of a 30-minute film, "Family Next Door."
- The pastor plans to continue the evening services.

CHILLICOTHE-RICHMOND DIST.

Join Methodists

- District churches report several successful revivals. Spickard Church received 30 new members, 27 by baptism; Kidder, 16; New Hope, 9; and Excelsior Springs, 28. Meetings were also held at Barwick, Centenary, Ketron, and Wesley Chapel.
- The Rev. and Mrs. Harold Young of Hamilton Circuit report the birth of a daughter, their first child.
- Collings Church, which has not had a preaching service for several years, now has a regular pastor, the Rev. Nova Persell. The Sunday school has continued in operation.
- Young adults of Millville have raised a field of corn each year, giving one-half to missions and the other half for local improvements. This year the yield brought in \$700.
- The western MYF subdistrict raised over \$200 in cash and supplies for the Home for the Aged at its booth festival at Hamilton.
- Ralph Peters, a student in the Rural Seminary at Columbia, has been assigned to the Liberty Church, and Donald Wayne Cline, to Catawba. These two young men have recently entered the ministry.



A son, Finley Ana, was born on Nov. 21 to the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Montgomery, Jr., in Portageville.

Mrs. Velma Ellenora Hanes, 63, wife of the Rev. Fred P. Hanes, pastor of Breckenridge Church, died Dec. 7 at Chillicothe. Her husband and three sons survive. Funeral services were conducted by District Superintendent A. Sterling Ward, and interment was at Chillicothe.

The Rev. Ervin Fish and Mrs. Madeline Hall, both of Ellington, were married recently. The vows were read by the Rev. W. E. Fish of Ocie, who gave a reception for the couple following the ceremony.

Mrs. Helen Saferite, wife of the Rev. Edwin R. Saferite, pastor of Bethel Church, died Dec. 3 in St. Louis. Her husband and son, Mark, survive. Bishop Frank, assisted by District Superintendent John Montgomery, conducted funeral services.

The Rev. and Mrs. Jon W. Kirk of Eureka announce the birth of a daughter, Dec. 15.

Bishop Frank has announced two transfers. The Rev. Peter T. Burks, formerly of the Western North Carolina Conference, is now serving as chaplain of St. Louis Hospital. The Rev. Francis D. Norris is transferred from St. Mark's Church, St. Louis, to the California-Nevada Conference.

Churches are urged by Bishop Frank to take Hungarian relief offerings.

MIDEAST LABYRINTH

Ancient Tomb Discovered

A subterranean labyrinth, first of its kind ever found in the Middle East, has been uncovered in Galilee by archaeologists from Jerusalem.

The passages are believed to surround the first unopened royal tomb of the Hyksos, Israelite desert people who conquered Egypt about 1685 B.C. and reigned there 511 years.

PROSPERITY

Can We Take It?

If it's true that adversity tempers the spirit, what will happen to Americans come the 30-hour week?

That's a question which, ministers say, is becoming of vital importance to churches.

One indication of Protestant concern: "Can We Stand Abundance Week," Jan. 20-26, sponsored by the National Council of Churches' department of church and economic life.

Methodists are bearing down hard on the question. Representatives of 386 Methodist churches in the Rock River and Lexington conferences met in First Church, Oak Park, Ill., to consider this and related matters.

Al Whitehouse, AFL-CIO director from Cincinnati, urged labor, management, churches, and other groups to accept responsibility for providing activities for their people. And the Rev. A. Dudley Ward, executive secretary of the Board of Social and Economic Relations, warned that many may fill their leisure time by taking a second job.

WORLD SERVICE

Gifts Up 10 Per Cent

Methodists gave nearly \$4,000,000 to World Service the first half of the fiscal year (June through November).

This is an increase of 10 per cent over the same period in 1955, but only 32 per cent of the year's \$12,200,000 apportionment, the Council on World Service and Finance reports.

General Conference raised the apportionment from \$9,660,000, the amount asked annually from 1952-54.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

STUDENTS and faculty at Dickinson College, a Methodist school in Carlisle, Pa., will pay full costs for three Hungarian refugee students seeking to complete college educations.

THREE METHODIST clergymen—Bishops G. Bromley Oxnam and Gerald H. Kennedy and Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—are among signers of a peti-

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Do you know why you hear better sometimes than at other times?

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Let's Get Acquainted



Roy L. Smith

BACK IN 1908, a young Methodist preacher began riding the circuit out of Wellington, Kan. Since then Roy L. Smith has circled the globe and become one of the best-known Protestant clergymen. For eight years he edited *The Christian Advocate*; then served our church as publishing agent. Millions have read his provocative books (he's penned over five million words), and enjoyed sermons and speeches that Roy Smith has delivered by the thousand.

On page 9, Dr. Smith gives his answer to the intimate question: "How should I pray?" It's the first in a stimulating series on "Personal Testimony" planned for TOGETHER readers.

Want a peek into the future? Here's your chance. Turn to page 20 and read *How We'll Live in '77*. The author is Leo Cherne, executive director of the Research Institute of America, which makes a science of prediction. Less than 12 years ago Cherne wrote a book of prophecies, *The Rest of Your Life*. Many of them have come true already.

Back of Cherne's predictions stands an organization which spends six million dollars a year studying trends in the nation's life and economy.

For Ron Broom, writing is as natural as breathing. He's a veteran member of *The Spokane Chronicle* staff, has had over 125 stories published in other publications. You may have read some in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. An active Methodist layman, he made his first four fiction sales, years ago, to Methodist papers. And now he makes his debut in TOGETHER with *Save the Pieces* on page 43.

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

Two top professional photographers brighten this issue—and Methodist backgrounds add a "something extra" to their camera clicking. Robert McCullough, a Chicago free lance, was twice president of the Epworth League in his home town of Hoopston, Ill. This was more years ago than he cares to remember, but Bob felt right at home in Algoma, Wis., where he photographed the church smörgasbord shown on pages 24-26.

S. F. Ellertson, one of the top Minneapolis commercial lensmen, has long been a Methodist layman. So he was the logical man to photograph the Walker Gallery of Religious Art in Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church. His color pictures are on pages 35-42.

Camera clickers are curiouiser than kittens. How, they always wonder, did *that* photographer get *that* shot? Below we'll give some of the answers—along with the sources of pictures.

(Credits are separated from left to right by comma; top to bottom by dashes.) Bot., bottom; cen., center; exc., except; lt., left; rt., right.

1—Alden Brown • 12—Morrow and Company • 15, 16—United Press • 17—Robert F. McCullough (Rolleiflex, bounce Strob light, Tri-X) • 20, 21—Illustration by Robert Kresin • 24, 25, 26—Robert F. McCullough (Leica, natural light, Tri-X, with forced development) • 34—Bettmann Archive • 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42—S. F. Ellertson (4x5 Graphic, multiple flash bulbs) • 61—J. Lane Miller exc. top lf.: sacred-service cross, Methodist Information • 65—John Malone, Nashville Banner—U. S. Navy • 70, 71—John P. Taylor, World Council of Churches • 74—Fabian Bachrach • 75—Cecil B. DeMille Production, Paramount Studios • 76—Board of Education exc. bot. Board of Hospitals and Homes • 77—Norman G. Wallace (Graflex, Kodachrome. A guess shot because of a faulty shutter and broken light meter).

tion to President Eisenhower requesting release of 91 Japanese war criminals held in a Tokyo prison.

A RESIDENT of New Hyde Park, N. Y., has protested posting of the Ten Commandments in public-school classrooms. He complained when the school board okayed an "interdenominational" version of the commandments, compiled and approved by community business and civic groups.

GALEN DRAKE'S CBS show has received the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission's first award for promoting hymn-singing on radio.

CHAPEL attendance by Air Force servicemen and their families topped 10 million in 1956 for the third consecutive year.

THE MISSOURI Council of Churches plans to report on state legislation of special interest to church people. Bills will be summarized monthly in a newsletter called *Legislative Digest*.

ONLY THREE of 500 persons questioned in Wisconsin by the Federal Census Bureau refused to reveal their religious preference. Eleven balked at first, answered after an explanation. Results may determine whether a religious question will be asked in the 1960 census.

A JUKEBOX with a dozen favorite hymns provides background music for worshipers visiting the Wayside Chapel of Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, Washington, D.C.

METHODISM'S only radio station, WMRP, Flint, Mich., has doubled its power. The goal: to increase its listening audience by 100,000. The self-supporting station recently celebrated its 10th anniversary.

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT on the Alaska Methodist College, now being planned, has been published by the *Anchorage Daily Times*.

MARINER'S CHURCH in New York City, oldest organization in the U. S. doing religious and social work among seamen, recently marked its 100th birthday.

TOP U. S. CALENDAR ARTISTS have voted Dr. Albert Schweitzer the man with the "most interesting face in the world."



A scene from "The Ten Commandments" illustrates the attention given to details in staging and costuming. Three years and \$300,000 went into research. Three months were spent "shooting" in Egypt and the Holy Land.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

Movie Masterpiece or Misfire?

Cecil B. DeMille's latest Biblical movie, *The Ten Commandments*, has caught the movie-going public in a whirlpool of mixed reaction.

Some critics have panned the movie-maker's "crowning achievement" for its "lavishness," "coarseness," "poor casting," and "historical inaccuracy."

But the film has won kudos from clergymen and lay people who find inspiration in Mr. DeMille's three hour and 39 minute spectacle.

From Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant leaders comes much favorable comment. Typical "pro" reactions:

Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles told Mr. DeMille: "Your contribution to this generation, through this picture, will be one of the significant ones of our time."

Another prominent Methodist, the Rev. Ralph W. Sockman, said, "The vast vistas stretch the mind, and the intimate touches move the heart . . . It makes the Bible thrillingly alive."

Catholic Archbishop Francis Cardinal Spellman said the film "will spiritually enrich the lives of all who see it."

And Rabbi Abraham J. Feldman said, "The struggle of a people for freedom is eloquently told in this stirring film."

On the other side, *Time* caustically describes the portrayal of the Exodus as "almost a sort of Sexodus," and says the picture is "something roughly comparable to an eight-foot chorus girl—pretty well put together, but much too big and much too flashy."

While the conflict simmers, Producer DeMille, 75, has announced he will give all his own profits from the movie to a special fund for "charitable, religious, and educational purposes."

And some of the vast research material assembled in making *The Ten Commandments* has been published in the book form by the University of Southern California Press. The title: *Moses and Egypt*.



Charlton Heston as Moses—soldier, lawgiver.



A million-dollar school to train students for diplomatic service is planned for American University, Washington, D. C. Above is Battelle Memorial Library.

METHODIST SCHOOLS

Education's Twelfth Hour

Methodist educators say the church's 106 related colleges and universities have reached a critical hour.

Enrollments at these institutions (currently estimated at 222,500) are going up 30,000 each year.

There now are about 360,000 students from Methodist churches attending all institutions of higher learning in the U. S. This number, it is predicted, will rise to 550,000 within the next 10 years.

Costs in the last 25 years have tripled and quadrupled.

But far more portentous, leaders point out, is the increasingly popular association of education with skills and pay checks, rather than intellectual attainments.

At recent annual meetings in Philadelphia and Atlantic City, Methodist educators poured over blueprints of a four-year plan to make the schools academically sound, financially stable, and thoroughly Christian in purpose. The plan filled in the outline initially charted by the 1956 General Conference.

(Meeting were the new Commission on Christian Higher Education, Board of Education, and the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church.)

They tackled the huge task of building two new theological seminaries, relocating two others, building a million-dollar School of International Service at American University, Washington, D. C., training 1,200 new ministers a year by 1960 (twice the present number of graduates), strengthening church-school ties, and making Christianity a vigorous, respected force on the campus.



Century-old MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Ill., will open its doors to men students for the first time next fall.

Abraham Blank, a Jewish businessman, gave The Methodist Church this children's hospital unit in Des Moines, Iowa.



HOSPITALS & HOMES

Record Year in Sight

U. S. Methodist hospitals and homes expect 1956 will set new records in terms of total assets and people served.

Looking ahead to their annual meeting Feb. 26-28 in Chicago, officials of the Board of Hospitals and Homes say they anticipate the total number of people being served to top the 1,255,199 reported at the end of 1955. Assets they hopefully predict, will top \$325,950,586.

But right along with these gains have gone increased operating costs (\$114,989,908 for 1955) and higher costs for capital improvements.

This problem, and a shortage of staff personnel, are certain to be spotlighted when the board—advisory agency to 204 Methodist institutions—brings together about 700 key administrators, annual conference chairmen, chairmen of Golden Cross societies, and others involved in Methodism's philanthropic and health interests.

It is estimated that in the next four years this board will need 20,000 new staff people, including 12,000 student nurses, 1,200 laboratory technicians, and 200 pharmacists.

Main speakers at the meeting will be Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City; Dr. Harold C. Case, president of Boston University; and Dr. Benjamin Boshes, chairman of the department of neurology and psychiatry, Northwestern University, and member of the staff of Chicago Wesley Memorial Hospital.



"For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!"

America the Beautiful

By Katharine Lee Bates

*O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.*

*O beautiful for pilgrim feet, whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control, thy liberty in law.*

*O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved, and mercy more than life!
America! America! May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness, and every gain divine.*

*O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.*

DO YOU TAKE COLOR PHOTOS?

You've probably pointed your camera at blazing autumn scenes, the purple mountains of the West, or the sun-flecked waters of your favorite lake. If so, maybe you can help us illustrate the famous poem-hymn, *America the Beautiful*. And your lensmanship may win you a \$25 or \$35 prize!

Gather your family together tonight and read aloud *America the Beautiful*. Then run through your color photos to see which ones best illustrate Katherine Lee Bates' famous verses.

Pick your best transparencies, identify them with your name, address, location of the picture. Then send them to the Photo Editor, **TOGETHER**, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Send as many color transparencies (*not prints*) as you wish. Winners will be chosen on the basis of subject matter primarily. Composition, design, and sharpness of detail also count in judging.

We'll pay you \$25 for each 35 mm slide, and \$35 for larger transparencies that are published in **TOGETHER**. We'll be careful with your entries, of course. But please include postage so we can return the unused ones after the judging.

To be eligible, your entries must be received no later than February 15, 1957.

WHAT'S YOUR favorite poem? Let us know. We plan to present "favorite poem" each month. The photograph of Superstition Mountain is by Norman G. Wallace.

Christian Advocate as "an entertaining, instructive and profitable family visitor." This week, in one of the most ambitious ventures in the history of church publishing, the U.S. Methodist Church split the 130-year-old *Christian Advocate* into two visitors—one entertaining and one instructive.

The instructive visitor is for ministers: a trim, digest-sized monthly called *The New Christian Advocate*, packed with 22 pithy articles under such headings as Church Administration, Architecture & Building, Pastor & Parsonage. Illustrations and features enliven the pages between pastoral shoptalk ranging from "Preaching on Controversial Issues" to "Psychiatry Needs Religion." The centerfold is devoted to a spread of new gadgets calculated to gladden a ministerial eye, like the Carryor ("enables the minister to carry his pulpit robe easily"; \$8.75) or the miniature pew ("makes youngsters enjoy attending church"; \$5.95). The purpose of the new *Advocate*, said Los Angeles' Bishop Gerald Kennedy, will be to "bring back to men who have been beaten down by routine, the memory of their ordination and the sense of the dignity of their high calling." Initial circulation: 25,000.

For lay families the Methodist Publishing House has launched a spanking new slick-paper magazine called *Together*. Edited by Leland D. Case, onetime editor of *The Rotarian* (circ. 302,202), this 88-page "Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families" aims to have something for everybody. Manhattan's crowd-pulling Preacher Ralph W. Sockman contributes the lead article on "What My Religion Means to Me," but religion as such is subordinated to fiction and features; e.g., a movie guide with plus or minus recommendations broken down for adults, youth, children and family, a picture

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gratifying to Manhattan's Dr. Fran.

essay on a child with a cleft palate, an account of the world's record drop-kicked field goal (63 yards, in 1915, by Dakota Wesleyan's Halfback Mark Payne). Eye catcher is a color portfolio of portraits of Christ, vividly demonstrating how men have altered Christ's image to accord with the temper of their times and of themselves. The portraits range from the sad ascetic of the earliest 2nd century drawings through the agonized Renaissance Christ of Flemish Painter Albrecht Bouts to the smiling companion of Contemporary Ohio Painter Ivan Pusecker.

Prepublication demand has been so great that the initial print order was upped from 600,000 to 700,000. By the end of the year, *Together* expects to have 1,000,000 subscriptions.

"We call for a bold venture for the creation of a Methodist periodical combining the best in modern craftsmanship and editorial skill and aimed at a circulation within twelve months of not fewer than one million copies."

Council of Bishops
The Methodist Church

The General Conference approves TOGETHER — The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families, and urges churches to adopt the All Family subscription plan with "costs carried in the regular local church budget."

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SAN FRANCISCO

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MINNEAPOLIS

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JANUARY, 1957, CHICAGO

After only three months, TOGETHER is rapidly approaching the first year goal of 1,000,000 copies set by our bishops. Over 4,000 churches have adopted the All Family plan—putting TOGETHER in the homes of 800,000 families.

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St. Bartholomew Church, Genoa
IMAGE OF CHRIST: 2ND CENTURY; BY ALBRECHT BOUTS (1455-1549); BY IVAN PUSECKER (1908-)
A sad ascetic, a tear-stained sufferer, a smiling companion.

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